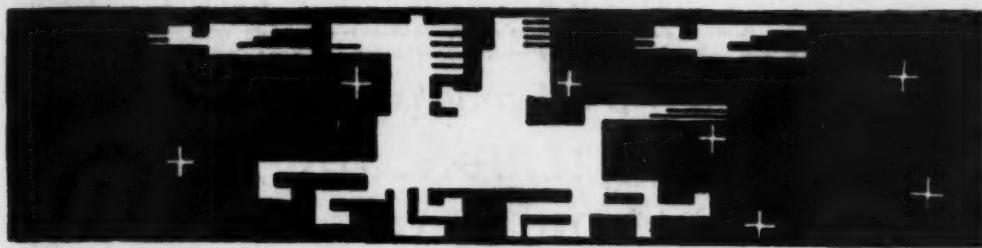


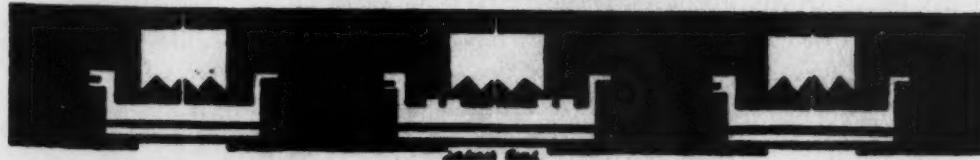
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*Johan Christian Dahl*

*Painting by C. V. Eckersberg, Copenhagen, 1818  
In Trondheim's Permanent Gallery*

# THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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## Johan Christian Dahl

BY JENS THIIS

The present year marks the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Johan Christian Dahl, the father of Norwegian painting. The National Gallery in Oslo owed its inception in large part to his initiative, and when the gallery celebrated its centenary last year, not the least important feature of the brilliant festivities was an exhibition of his work. The REVIEW has asked the present Director of the Gallery, Mr. Jens Thiis, to write a tribute to the great artist whose work he has done more than anyone else to interpret and bring before the world.

**J**OHN CHRISTIAN CLAUSEN DAHL was the son of a poor ferryman and fisherman in Bergen. The father's family came from Tröndelagen, the mother's from Voss. He was born in 1788, fourteen years before the mathematician Abel and twenty years before the poet Wergeland. This shows what an early place he occupied in that national awakening which followed the rebirth of our political independence in 1814.

At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a master house-painter in Bergen, and there he remained for eight years. As a journeyman he was, however, entrusted with such finer decorative work as painting transparencies and door panels for "Vennekredsen" (the Circle of Friends). The boy's intelligence and liveliness first caught the attention of Headmaster Lyder Sagen, the poet and local humanist who did so much to advance the cultural life of Bergen in those early years. Sagen secured him admittance to the newly established drawing-school, but not before he was twenty-three years old did "Vennekredsen" decide



*Landscape from Præstø, 1814. In the National Gallery*

that he was worthy of promotion from house-painter to artist. A scholarship of 320 rix-dollars was collected for him, and with this he started out, in August 1811, for Copenhagen to study at the Academy of Art.

In three years Dahl had attained so far that he was awarded the small silver medal of the Academy and received 400 rix-dollars for the first large Norwegian landscape. In the same year, 1814, he spent the summer at Præstø in Sjælland, where he painted the exquisitely finished Danish landscape now in our National Gallery. In 1815 he was able to show no fewer than fifteen canvases at the Charlottenborg exhibition in Copenhagen, and on the strength of this he was well received in Dresden. The summer of 1816 he again spent at Præstø. Meanwhile he continued as a pupil in the Academy, and in 1817 was awarded its large silver medal. This year he showed five new paintings at Charlottenborg, among them *The Big Tavern*, a view from Fredensborg in Sjælland.

During the seven years Dahl studied in Copenhagen, it was not so much the professors at the Academy who developed his feeling for



*The Big Tavern, Fredensborg, 1817. In the National Gallery*

nature and opened his eyes as a painter. It was rather the old Dutch landscape masters in Danish galleries who taught him. How much he owed to these masters is clearly to be seen in some of his youthful pictures and in the rich collection of studies from nature now found in our National Gallery. But even in the works of his maturer years, as for instance the magnificent canvas *Hougsfossen* (1838) with its lowering stormy sky and its glittering birch bending over the rapids, there are traces of that great old Dutch nature poet who created the romantic landscape, Jacob Ruysdael. With this difference that Dahl's sense of reality is much stronger, and he is not afraid to introduce into his romanticism such prosaic things as salmon fisheries and lumbering with the sheds and log-piles that belong to them.

Dahl's student years fell in a time when a new and broader conception of nature was gaining ground in art as in literature. What Henrik Wergeland was to be for Norwegian poetry and love of nature, Dahl was to be for Norwegian painting and portrayal of nature. And as Wergeland in his work gradually developed from a strained romanticism to clarity and realism, so Dahl with the passing years became a

more and more convinced naturalist, and his later pictures are almost all firmly rooted in the many studies which throughout his whole life he painted and drew directly from nature.

Undoubtedly it was of great benefit to Dahl that during his years of study in Copenhagen he met and associated with C. V. Eckersberg, who was five years his senior. The Danish master had just then finished his French training under David, followed by a lengthy sojourn in Italy, and he was at the height of his artistic powers. There can be no doubt that Eckersberg's fresh, objective view of nature and his sane, cool coloring had a good influence on the young Norwegian romanticist, just as he shaped the future of Danish painting. An evidence of the intimacy between the two artists is the fine portrait of Dahl which Eckersberg painted before the younger man left Copenhagen. It is now one of the treasures of Trondheim's art gallery.

In the autumn of 1818 Dahl left the Danish capital and set out on his travels. He had ambitious plans with regard to the extent and duration of the trip, but for the time being, after a short stay in Berlin, he went no farther than Dresden, where he arrived in the end of September. To that old artistic center he was destined to be bound for the rest of his life. He found friends and comrades there; soon he married a young lady of Dresden, and finally he accepted a position as professor at the Academy of Art, although similar prospects were at the same time held out to him in Copenhagen.

We may be sure it was not willingly that Dahl, with his strong feeling for Norway and his constant longing for home, thus expatriated himself. But in his native Norway there was at that time no possibility of making a living for an artist who was not ready to accept a lot of dire poverty, and Dahl was now well on his way to become a European celebrity. But although, as professor in the Academy at Dresden, he was doomed to live far from the land he loved, he never ceased to interpret and glorify Norwegian nature in his art.

Before he settled down in Dresden for good, Dahl made a trip to Italy which was to be of great significance to him. He had long desired to visit Italy, and the occasion came when the Danish Prince Christian—the same who for some months in 1814 had been King of Norway under the name Christian Frederik—invited him for a visit to the pleasure palace Quisisana near the Gulf of Naples. The prince wanted an artist who could paint some landscapes for him, and as he had met Dahl in Copenhagen and thought highly of him, the choice fell upon him.

Dahl's stay in Italy was to be in some ways an anxious time for him. In order to accept the offer of the prince, he had been obliged to leave



*Princess Caroline Amalie, 1820. In the National Gallery*



*Barracks at Naples, 1820. In the National Gallery*



*Eruption of Vesuvius, 1823. In the Art Museum, Copenhagen*



*From Piemonte, 1820. Privately Owned*



*Storm on the Gulf, 1821. In the National Gallery*



*Saxon Landscape, from the 1820s. In the National Gallery*



*Winter on the Sognefjord, 1827. Privately Owned*



*Moonlight on the Elbe, 1822. In the National Gallery*



*Shipwreck on the Coast of Norway, 1830. Owned by the Norwegian Society, Oslo*



*The Harbor of Bergen, 1834. In the Bergen Picture Gallery*

his young wife immediately after the marriage ceremony, and consequently he was consumed by longing. Moreover, he disliked court life and the duties pertaining to it. For his art, however, it was to be a time of exuberant life. It is in his studies from the Gulf of Naples and vicinity that his genius first reveals all its power.

As an instance of how he worked may be mentioned that there are preserved from one and the same day in January 1821 three dated sketches of the Gulf when the storm had whipped its waves into fury, painted with such impressionistic force and inspired brush-stroke that it is hard to say which of the three is the most remarkable for genius. I am sure there did not exist in Europe at that time another artist who worked with a fresher viewpoint or a more living brush.

From the same happy-unhappy period in the palace on the Gulf there are a few portrait studies of the prince's young wife, Caroline Amalie. One of these is in the National Gallery, one at Skaugum, the home of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Norway. With her large bonnet and plum-colored shawl thrown over her shoulders, she stands there very erect in her white muslin dress. We must look to Corot's loveliest figure studies in order to find such naturalness and grace combined with such pictorial brush-work.



*Vöringfoss and Maabödalen, 1854. In the Rasmus Meyer Collection, Bergen*

During his winter at the Gulf of Naples Dahl was fortunate enough to see an eruption of Vesuvius, and he seized the opportunity for a number of rapid lightning studies. These he afterwards worked up into three magnificent paintings of the eruption in which the fire and smoke-clouds in the light of dawn make a dramatic color effect. One of these is in the Art Museum in Copenhagen, one in our National Gallery, and a third smaller one in the Rasmus Meyer Collection in Bergen.

The spring of 1821 was spent in Rome. It does not seem, however, that the art treasures of the past claimed his attention to any great degree. He was too much absorbed in the life and the people of the day, and too much in the grip of his own irresistible urge to paint, to find time for study. He joined the circle of friends that gathered around Thorvaldsen, and the Danish master used the opportunity to model the fine, expressive portrait bust of the handsome young Norwegian painter which is now found in Thorvaldsen's Museum in Copenhagen and, in a faithful copy, in our National Gallery.

Actually it was with a light heart that Dahl, after almost a year's sojourn in Italy, left the country of whose art and history he knew but little and whose language and people he did not understand. Besides, there was a young and beloved wife waiting for him in his bachelor quarters by the Elbe, and we can readily understand how impatiently



*Stalheim, 1842. In the National Gallery*

he counted the days of his study year, while he tried to silence his longing with work.

No doubt it must be considered fortunate that Dahl came to make his home in Dresden, since the opportunity to strike roots in his own native country was denied him. The charming city traversed by the Elbe as by a living artery, the changing light over the broad expanse of the river, the curious environment so astonishingly small-scale romantic, a "Saxon Switzerland," and the rococo architecture at once distinguished and playful—there was always something that would appeal to a born painter and put him in good humor. And he took part in whatever Dresden possessed in the way of a living culture, he was receptive in his own naïve way, but did not allow anything to turn him from his own spontaneous purposes.

Dresden at that time had actually become the center of the romantic spirit which was prevalent in the age. And romanticism there found free and natural expression because it did not come into direct conflict with neoclassicism. In the field of literature Johan Ludwig Tieck was the leader, and Dahl occasionally attended the famous evenings in his



*Stugunöset on Filefjell, 1851. In the National Gallery*

literary salon, where the high priest of romanticism read his own works aloud or expounded his philosophy. But in truth Dahl, with his fresh feeling for nature and his straightforward mind, always remained a stranger to and rather aloof from the hyper-romantic literature.

On the other hand there was one of the German romantic artists who came to be of great personal significance to him, namely, the landscape painter Kaspar David Friedrich. He was a sincere and pious nature worshipper and without a doubt Germany's noblest and most profound artistic personality in this interesting and creative period. Dahl came in touch with him immediately upon his arrival in Dresden. Friedrich was in his lifetime far too little regarded; now he is rightly admired and studied as one of the most remarkable and independent men not only in the German art world, but in the whole romantic intellectual movement of the Age of Liberty. And Dahl, who soon became his friend and later for twenty years shared his house, owes Friedrich some important impulses in his art, in spite of the fact that the two artists were widely different in their temperament and talent. It must be remembered that Friedrich was much the older, having been born in 1774, fourteen years earlier than Dahl, who survived him by seventeen years.

Any elements of romanticism or nature mysticism that enter into the work of Dahl, the naturalist, were in some way connected with or strengthened by Friedrich. When Dahl became a painter of moonlight, and when he so often took the cloudy sky itself as the theme of his brush, it is at least partly due to the example of Kaspar David Friedrich. They are beautifully done, these small but grandly conceived and felt studies from nature which Dahl painted from his studio window on the Elbe or on his roamings in "Saxon Switzerland." Let me mention only one: the blonde moonlight study which he made one summer evening in 1822 by the Elbe where sky and river lie bathed in the double light. We should have to hunt long among the artists of the time to find anything that can equal it in pictorial breadth and freshness of execution. Only his great English contemporary, Constable, whom Dahl did not know, can dispute his preeminence in this respect. But Dahl is more modern, more of an impressionist half a century before impressionism.

With all the poetic charm and pictorial spontaneity that characterize Dahl's Dresden studies, it is nevertheless true that Dahl's world fame was built on his portrayal of Norwegian nature. It is not too much to say that he discovered the Norwegian landscape as a subject for painting. Even in his youth he wrote: "Norway is virgin soil which has not been cultivated and can give a rich harvest." And on his summer trips he roamed over dale and mountain, followed the long coastline, and penetrated the deep fjord valleys, to return later to his Dresden studio with the wonderfully rich and colorful nature studies he had garnered. As might be expected, the Westland occupies the largest place in his art, but with his lively intelligence and open mind he was easily fired by enthusiasm for Norwegian nature in all its aspects. Still he attained his highest level perhaps in the portrayal of the mountains and the broad expanse of the plateaus.

We have in the National Gallery a colossal canvas painted in 1842 as an order and donated by the Wedel family to the Gallery. It depicts Stalheim with the Jordalsnut in the background seen under the rays of a rainbow, and is a miracle of composition and feeling for nature. While held together by the cool, clear color tone, it is at the same time endlessly rich in details—houses, animals, birch stems—which fascinate and delight us with the vivid story they tell and with the lovely, colorful brush-writing. It was well expressed by the artist Henrik Sörensen—a fanatic admirer of Dahl—when I saw him day after day standing in front of the picture: "I have to take a walk in it every day."

Equally large and imposing is another picture of Norwegian nature which hangs just opposite in the National Gallery, Fortundalen, painted about the same time. Here the building up of the picture is even



*Birch Tree in Storm, 1849. In the Bergen Picture Gallery*

more tremendous with gigantic rocks seen near by and the foaming river below.

But J. C. Dahl was not a man who needed a large canvas in order to achieve grandeur in painting. This is evident from the comparatively

small picture *Stugunöset* which hangs near the two larger ones. It was painted nine years later (1851) after his last trip to Norway, when he went over Filefjell to Bergen. It is possibly his greatest masterpiece, although it is difficult to make a choice between that and the Stalheim picture near by. In the latter we have the fantastic might of gigantic rocks piled up when the earth was young, where the eye can roam as it were several days' journey, from the good earth where the cattle are browsing in the shadow of the birch trees, and farther up to the sunlit heights of the sáter, from mountain height to mountain height, toward the ever colder and more barren grandeur of nature. And all this wealth of form and detail is held together in a greyish violet somber tone over which the light of the rainbow plays. In the small canvas near by we see the mighty mountain ridge lifting its long moss-covered back with the flock of grazing reindeer, thrusting it forward and upward in the surface of the picture until it drops sheer into the abyss. Never before or since has high mountain scenery been painted with such power. It is great and dramatic landscape art, and he who painted it is actually in feeling and poetic spirit the connecting link between Wergeland and Ibsen—the poet of the heights.

But if I were to select one picture in the wealth of Dahl's production which more than any other stamps him as a Norwegian, I think I should choose *Birch in Storm*, formerly in the home of the late Prime Minister Christian Michelsen and now in the Bergen Art Gallery. In this picture Dahl's nature lyricism and his patriotism have united to create a picture that seems the very symbol of Norway.

On the edge of the precipice, above drifting fog and deep ravine, there is a crevice so sheltered from the north wind that the moss has been able to clothe the bare rock and make soil. In this bit of earth which has been slowly gathering through hundreds of years, a birch has sprouted and managed to find a foothold. Year after year it has risen and has held its own against the winds from mountain and glacier, till now it has attained its full stature and stands erect with glittering leaves on every bough. Blonde and full-bosomed, fragrant and fair, it bends over the deep valley, and the sap rises in its tough bark under its white silken coat. One day the sun pours its flood of light and warmth over its leafage; another day the western storms clutch it in a life and death grip, forcing it down to earth and twisting the branches till the leaves turn inside out. Dahl has seen the birch while the two powers contended for it. The storm is tugging at it, bending the stem into an arch, but through a break in the clouds the sun touches it with a warm light over the struggling boughs. It is only a birch, but it is also a poem about meager soil and willing growth.

In speaking of J. C. Dahl, we should not forget that he showed his love for Norway in other ways besides his painting. His name will always be remembered in connection with our National Gallery. On April 29, 1937, the Gallery was reopened after an extension of the building and a complete rearrangement of the collections. The reopening coincided with the hundredth anniversary of its founding. The occasion was celebrated by festivities in which the King, the Storting and Government, and the City of Oslo took part, festivities that emphasized the position the Gallery now occupies in the minds of our people.

As a part of the commemorative festivities, an exhibition of the works of J. C. Dahl was arranged with a subsidy from the State. It was a natural thing that the National Gallery should in this way honor the memory of the enthusiast and patriot who, so far as we have been able to find out, first conceived the idea of a Norwegian art museum and worked for its realization. Living far away in Dresden, and tied down by his duties in the Academy, he had to bring influence to bear indirectly by letters—no easy matter in those days of slow mails; but he succeeded. It was Rev. H. Riddervold, member of the Storting, afterwards bishop and Government member, who first proposed the matter in the Storting, but the idea originated with Dahl.

In various other ways he labored persistently and enthusiastically to awaken artistic life among his own people. He was active in organizing art societies in Christiania, Bergen, and Trondhjem. His name is connected with the rebuilding of the Nidaros Dome and with the restoration of Haakon's Hall in Bergen. He published in German in 1837 a book on the Norwegian medieval timber churches, and while the text bears the earmarks of the amateur venturing into a new and puzzling field of research, yet it also reveals the joy of the explorer and the warmth of the patriot. The association for the preservation of antiquities also received its impetus from Dahl.

He was a great and good son of that which we call "Gamle Norge"—Old Norway. He deserves to be mentioned with the historian P. A. Munch, the landsmaal protagonist Ivar Aasen, and the poet Wergeland. As a patriot he led them all. He was the vivifying creator of a modern Norwegian art of painting, honored and worshipped by his successors, no matter to what school they belong. They all owe him something.

Dahl died in Dresden, October 14, 1857, in his seventieth year.



*The Delaware Monument by Carl Milles, to Be Presented by the People of Sweden to the State of Delaware and Raised on the Spot Where the First Colonists Landed, Now Being Transformed into a Park to Be Called Fort Christina State Park. The Monument Is of Swedish Black Granite*

# The Story of New Sweden

BY GEORGE H. RYDEN

**I**N THE EARLY part of the seventeenth century, there were attracted to Sweden a number of enterprising Netherlanders, some of whom, as for example Louis de Geer, became Swedish subjects, entering the civil service and rising to positions of distinction and honor. When, therefore, Sweden, through the military genius of Gustavus Adolphus, had become a great European power and when, as a corollary, the desire for colonial expansion had gradually developed in that country, it was but natural that experienced Dutch colonizers would soon present themselves as promoters of Swedish colonial enterprises.

There were three of these foreigners who took a prominent part in inducing the Swedish authorities and men of wealth to embark upon colonial ventures. The first was Willem Usselinx. He had founded the Dutch West India Company in 1621, a company which developed the Colony of New Netherland and which later, in the sixteen forties, sent over to New Amsterdam as Governor of the Colony the doughty Peter Stuyvesant. Friction having early arisen, however, between Usselinx and his collaborators in Holland, he left that country in 1623 and, following an audience with Gustavus Adolphus at Gothenburg in 1624, he was given a commission by the King in December of that year to establish a company to carry on trade in Asia, Africa, and America, an association popularly known as the South Company. On June 6, 1626, the King signed in Stockholm a charter of privileges for the company, consisting of 37 articles. The charter was to be in force during twelve years (from May 1, 1627, to May 1, 1639) and foreigners as well as Swedes were invited to purchase stock.

Although Usselinx was diligent in promoting the business of the company, the fact that Sweden was involved in a war with Poland from 1626 to 1629 and in the Thirty Years' War from 1630 onwards, caused his venture to languish. Two more companies were organized, one before the death of Gustavus Adolphus and one immediately after. These companies were known as the United South-Ship Company and the New South Company. But they met the same fate as the original South Company.

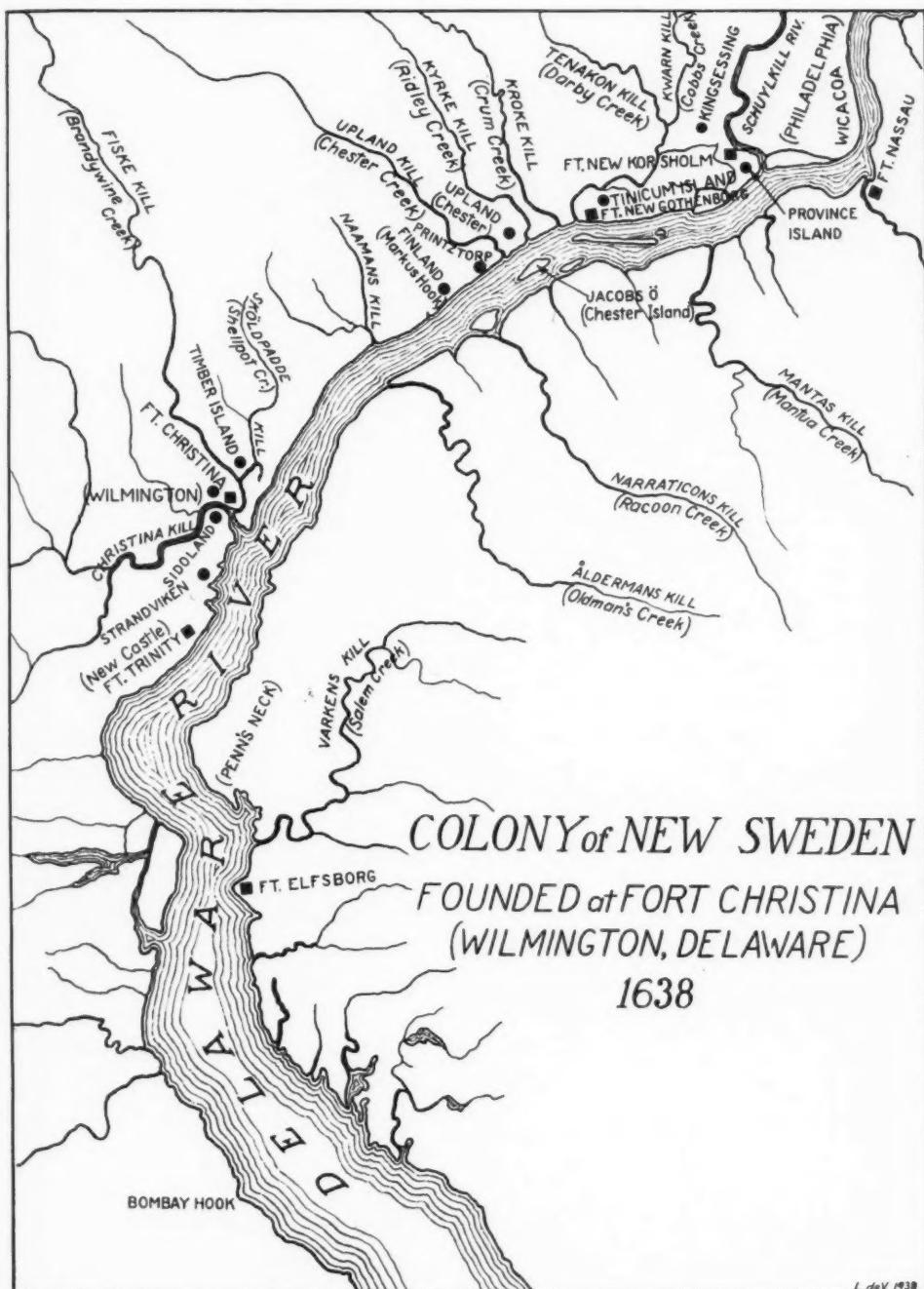
Finally, in 1637, the New Sweden Company was organized by authority of the Chancellor, Axel Oxenstierna, regent of Sweden during the minority of Queen Christina. The most important promoter of this company was Klas Fleming, an admiral in the Swedish navy. He

was materially aided by two foreigners formerly connected with the Dutch West India Company. They were the Netherlander, Samuel Blommaert, one of the so-called patroons of the ill-fated Dutch settlement in southern Delaware, and Peter Minuit, a French Huguenot born in western Germany, who had held under the Dutch West India Company the post of Governor of the Colony of New Netherland from 1626 to 1632. Blommaert was particularly interested in the expansion of trade in Swedish copper, a product upon which Swedish statesmen chiefly relied for defraying the expenditures of their country's many wars. Minuit, having quarreled with his superiors in the Dutch company, offered his services to direct for the Swedish company an expedition to unoccupied lands in the Delaware River Valley.

The stock in the New Sweden Company was open to foreign subscribers just as the stock of the original South Company had been, and, as a consequence, about one-half of it was sold in Holland. In 1641, however, the Dutch stockholders were bought out and the Company became entirely Swedish.

Since the launching of the Swedish colony, like that of so many English and Dutch settlements in America, was prompted by the desire for pecuniary gain through trade, we find that the first expedition to the Delaware River Valley was solely a commercial venture. Two vessels, the *Kalmar Nyckel* and the *Fågel Grip*, were fitted out, and, having sailed from Stockholm in the latter part of August, 1637, they put in at the port of Gothenburg to take on their cargoes. Manned by crews one-half Swedish and one-half Dutch the two ships sailed away from Sweden on their momentous voyage about November 20. The only passengers on the vessels were soldiers who, under the command of Måns Nilsson Kling, were to establish the first Swedish settlement in America. Peter Minuit, who directed the expedition, carried with him secret instructions in the handwriting of Samuel Blommaert. If he found it impossible to cross the ocean by the northern route, he was to sail by way of the West Indies to the Delaware River. He was then to sail up that river to Minquas Kill and there establish contact with the Indians and purchase land from them.

Encountering storms in the North Sea, the two ships found it necessary to put in at Dutch ports for repairs, and not until December 31 was it possible for them to continue the voyage. After a three months' passage across the Atlantic via the West Indies, they entered the Delaware River in the latter part of March, 1638. Coming northward and having reached the mouth of Minquas Kill, the expedition proceeded up that stream for a distance of about two miles, to a point where Minuit discovered a ledge of rock jutting out to the water amid the



The Region Included in the Map Now Constitutes Parts of Northern Delaware, Southeastern Pennsylvania, and Southwestern New Jersey

high reeds of the adjacent shore. Here the two ships cast anchor and here took place the famous landing the three hundredth anniversary of which will be celebrated this year.

On board the *Kalmar Nyckel*, Minuit executed deeds with five Indian chiefs for the purchase of the land on the western shore of the Delaware from Minquas Kill southward as far as Bombay Hook and northward as far as the Schuylkill River. These purchases extended inland indefinitely after the fashion of Indian land sales of the day. Thus were the original boundaries of the Colony of New Sweden established, the area embraced within them being approximately the present New Castle County in the northern part of the State of Delaware and parts of Chester, Delaware, and Philadelphia counties in the southeastern corner of the State of Pennsylvania.

A fort was promptly built near the landing place and named for the young Queen of Sweden, Christina. The river likewise was renamed for her. The cargoes were then unloaded and stored in a warehouse within the fort and the twenty-one soldiers under the command of Måns Nilsson Kling took up their abode within the fort to guard the storehouse, while Hendrick Huygen, a Dutch commissary in the employ of the company, assumed charge of the provisions for the garrison and the merchandise to be traded to the Indians for peltry.

Thus was established (near the foot of Fourth Street in present-day Wilmington, Delaware) the first permanent European settlement in the entire Delaware River Valley, it being likewise the first permanent settlement in the present State of Delaware. For three years, Fort Christina was the only settlement within the boundaries of the Colony of New Sweden, and during the whole period of Swedish sovereignty in the Delaware River Valley, from 1638 to 1655, Fort Christina remained the port of entry, as it were, for Swedish ships bringing colonists, provisions, and merchandise.

Peter Hollender Ridder, who came on the second voyage of the *Kalmar Nyckel*, succeeded Måns Nilsson Kling as commandant of Fort Christina in April, 1640. The same year, by purchase from the Indians, he extended the northern boundary of the Colony of New Sweden on the west side of the Delaware from the Schuylkill River in the present State of Pennsylvania as far northeast as Trenton Falls. By subsequent purchases from the Indians, in the year 1641, the southern boundary of the Colony on the west side of the Delaware River and Bay was extended to a point below Cape Henlopen, in the southern part of the present State of Delaware. In the same year, Governor Ridder purchased the land on the east side of the river and bay, in

what is now the State of New Jersey, extending from Cape May on the south to Narraticons Kill (now Raccoon Creek) on the north.

When Ridder arrived at Fort Christina, he brought with him a clergyman, Reorus Torkillus, a few colonists, some horses and cattle, and farming implements besides merchandise for the Indian trade and ammunition for defense. Already, the Swedish colony on the Christina River was tending to become an agricultural community, not merely a trading post. Again, in November, 1641, when the *Kalmar Nyckel*, on her third voyage, and the *Charitas* arrived at Fort Christina, they carried thirty-five colonists and laborers, a number of horses, cattle, sheep, and goats, and some farming implements. It was now possible for the population of the Colony to expand beyond the environs of Fort Christina, and in the year 1641 two more settlements in New Sweden were established, one at Finland (now Marcus Hook) and one at Upland (now Chester), the first permanent settlements in the present State of Pennsylvania.

The New Sweden Company had been entirely under Swedish control since the year 1641; but the Swedish shareholders soon felt that aid from the Swedish government would be necessary if the affairs of the company were to prosper. The company was therefore reorganized in 1642, with the Crown subscribing to one-sixth of the total capital. Reorganization of the company led to a reorganization of the government of the Colony. An elaborate code of laws and rules was prepared for the guidance of the governor in his direction of the civil and economic affairs of the company and colony, and Johan Printz from the Swedish province of Småland, who had risen to the rank of lieutenant colonel in the Swedish army during the Thirty Years' War, was appointed Governor.

The expedition bringing the Governor and his family to New Sweden consisted of two ships, the *Swan* and the *Fama*. The Governor was accompanied by two clergymen, Johan Campanius, a graduate of the University of Uppsala, and Israel Fluvander. Swedish soldiers also sailed on this expedition, and a few colonists, most of them involuntary emigrants, who were deported for petty crimes, or merely because they had been unfortunate enough to be imprisoned for debt.

With the arrival of Printz in February, 1643, the colony was stimulated to new life. In obedience to his instructions, the Governor proceeded promptly to obtain full control of the Delaware River and the Indian trade. One of his first acts was to order the erection of a fort on the New Jersey side of the Delaware River, a short distance below Varkens Kill (now called Salem Creek). The fact that an English



*Governor Johan Printz*

*From a Painting at Bottnaryd, Sweden, Where Governor Printz Lies Buried. Copy Presented by King Gustaf V to the Swedish Colonial Society in Philadelphia*

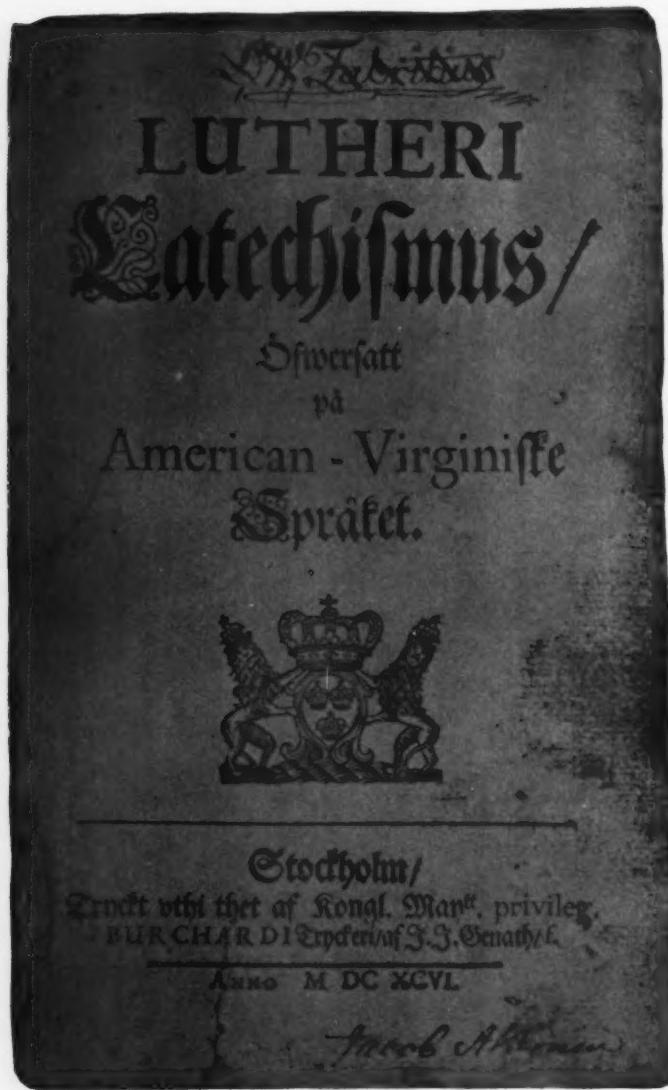
colony had been established on the south side of Varkens Kill two years before, determined to some extent the location of the Swedish fort, for it seemed necessary to be assured of the loyalty of the English to the Swedish flag. Another factor was the ease with which a fort at that point could command the channel of the Delaware River. The fort, which was probably finished in the autumn of 1643, was named Fort Elfsborg in honor of a district on the west coast of Sweden. Sven Skute

was placed in command of the garrison and the Reverend Israel Fluvander was stationed at the fort as chaplain.

Fort Christina was strengthened, and for a number of months after the arrival of Printz it continued to be the capital of the Colony. In fact, a famous trial was held there on July 10, 1643, when a George Lamberton from the Colony of New Haven in New England appeared before Governor Printz to answer charges that the so-called Delaware Company of New Haven had in 1641 illegally appropriated land at Varkens Kill in the present New Jersey and on the Schuylkill River in what is now Pennsylvania.

Governor Printz soon decided to transfer his headquarters farther up the Delaware River to a place called Tinicum Island, located at what is now Essington, between the present cities of Chester and Darby. Here he built another fort called Fort New Gothenburg, and also a mansion for himself known as Printzhof, the first executive house within the present State of Pennsylvania. Still another building was erected here in 1646, namely, a church, where the Reverend Johan Campanius could conduct Swedish Lutheran services according to the unaltered Augsburg Confession, known in Latin as the Confessio Augustana. The capital of the Colony of New Sweden remained at Tinicum for a period of about ten years and was only transferred back to Fort Christina upon the departure of Governor Printz in the autumn of 1653. The general storehouse of the colony, however, continued to be at Fort Christina throughout the history of the colony.

Governor Printz was diligent in following his instructions with respect to increasing the agricultural area of the colony. Plantations for the raising of various staples as well as cattle, hogs, and sheep were established, principally in what is now the State of Pennsylvania, and, in consequence, the Swedish population there increased during the Printz period more than in the lower and older part of the Colony, that is, in the northern part of the present State of Delaware. More colonists settled at Finland (Marcus Hook) and at Upland (Chester) in 1643, and in the same year Governor Printz started a plantation between these settlements which he called Printztorp, and immediately above the Upland settlement another plantation known as Tequirassy. Also in 1643, a settlement was made on Province Island on the west side of the mouth of the Schuylkill River, the first Swedish plantation on the site of the present city of Philadelphia. The next year (1644) further settlements were made at Minquas Island and at Kingsessing, both in the southwestern part of the present Philadelphia County. In 1645, the settlement of Mölndal and in 1647 a settlement called Aronameck, both



*Title Page of Luther's Catechism*

*Translated by Campanius into the Lenni Lenape Indian Language and Printed in Stockholm in 1696 by Authority of King Charles XI*

in the western part of what is now the city of Philadelphia, were established.

More plantations would have been established by Printz if he had not needed men to guard the settlements. In fact, in one of his reports to Sweden, he referred to the desire of his soldiers to cultivate the land.

To afford protection for the Swedish farmers, Governor Printz built

blockhouses at Upland, on Province Island, at Kingsessing (called New Vasa), at Mölndal, and at Aronameck (called Torne). In 1647 Fort New Korsholm was built on the west side of the Schuylkill near its mouth for further protection of the Swedish settlers and also for controlling the Indian trade along that river; and when the Dutch the next year erected Fort Beversreede on the east side of the river a little farther up, Printz placed a blockhouse nearby the same year.

In 1649 Governor Printz extended the boundaries of the Colony somewhat by purchasing the strip of land in what is now New Jersey between Narraticons Kill and Mantas Kill.

The Dutch by building a blockhouse on the Schuylkill River as early as 1633 and Fort Beversreede in 1648 had merely attempted to monopolize the Indian trade in the region. No efforts were made by them to settle the country at this time, and when the Dutch blockhouse was abandoned (probably in 1643) and Fort Beversreede likewise abandoned in 1651, no Dutch establishments remained in what is now Pennsylvania during the remainder of the Swedish sovereignty in the Delaware River Valley.

But in abandoning Fort Beversreede the Dutch did not give up their claim to the Valley; in fact, they took a step that was destined to weaken the Swedish position and finally bring the Swedish sovereignty to an end. Peter Stuyvesant, the Dutch Governor at New Amsterdam, had of course been receiving reports about Printz's operations, and from time to time he sent protests to the Swedish Governor, but to no avail. With the Swedes in control of the Delaware River all the way from Fort Elfsborg to Fort New Korsholm, neither one of the two Dutch posts, Fort Nassau on the New Jersey side opposite the present city of Philadelphia, and Fort Beversreede, could very effectively challenge the Swedish position. Finally, therefore, Stuyvesant not only decided to abandon Fort Beversreede but also Fort Nassau, and to establish instead a post on the west side of the Delaware River some six miles below Fort Christina on the site of the present New Castle. This post he named Fort Casimir. The move was a dangerous one for Printz, for by it Fort Elfsborg became isolated from the other Swedish posts and communications could be easily interrupted. Fort Elfsborg, no longer the "Key to New Sweden," was therefore abandoned the same year.

However, with the Dutch abandonment of Fort Beversreede, it was no longer necessary to maintain Fort New Korsholm. This fort was therefore abandoned by the Swedes in 1653 in order that they might strengthen their hold on Fort New Gothenburg on Tinicum Island and Fort Christina. This move was all the more necessary because no mili-

tary reinforcements had come from Sweden for a number of years in spite of Governor Printz's repeated appeals.

After a ten-year service, Governor Printz sailed for Sweden in the autumn of 1653, leaving the colony in the temporary charge of his son-in-law Johan Papegoja and promising either to return himself or to "send over a ship with a cargo." The colony had definitely become a permanent agricultural community during Printz's régime, but the constant encroachments of the Dutch and to some extent of the English caused Printz much concern, and the future seemed none too encouraging.

Although Printz was a military man, his dealings with the Dutch had been for the most part diplomatic. He made no attempt to dislodge them from Fort Casimir, realizing full well that such an action, even though successful, would be only a Pyrrhic victory unless reinforcements came from Sweden before Stuyvesant could launch a counter-move. It remained for Printz's successor, Johan Rising, to make the mistake of seizing Fort Casimir. Immediately upon his arrival in the Delaware River on the *Örnen* (the *Eagle*) from Sweden, Rising stopped before Fort Casimir, on Trinity Sunday, 1654, and took it without any difficulty. The name of the fort was changed to Fort Trefaldighet (Trinity). He then proceeded to Fort Christina where his ship anchored the next day.

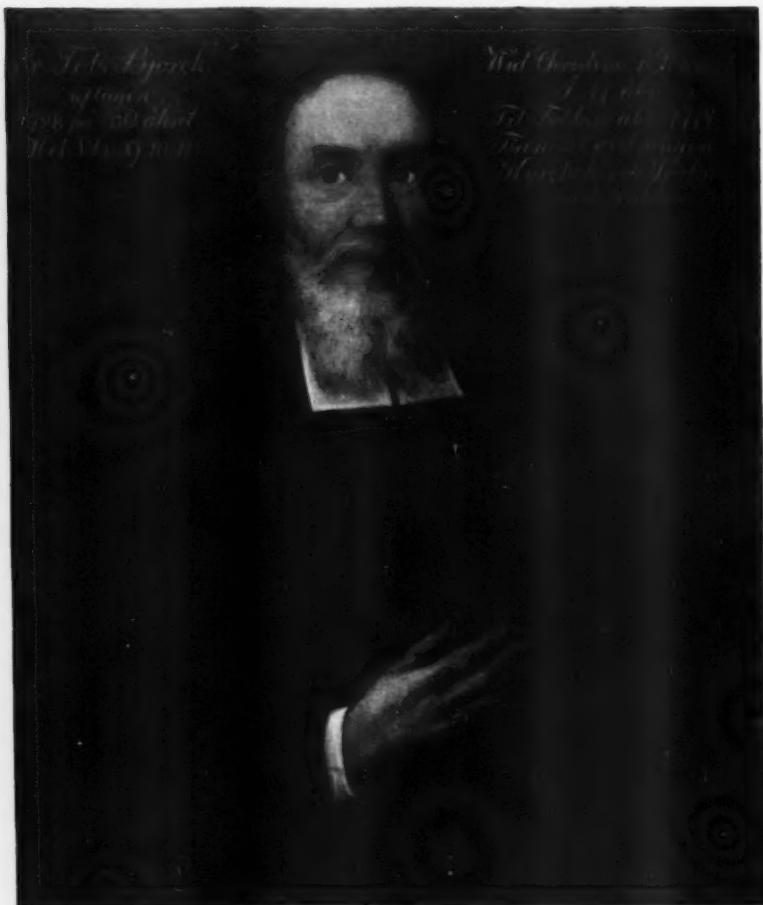
In order to maintain the Swedish hold on the lower Delaware, Rising decided to have his headquarters at Fort Christina instead of on Tinicum Island. Consequently, for the remaining part of the Swedish régime, from May 1654 to September 1655, Fort Christina was again the capital of the Colony of New Sweden. More colonists having arrived, plantations were established along the Christina River and between that river and Fort Trefaldighet. The Governor proceeded to build a two-story executive mansion on Timber Island at the confluence of Sköldpaddekill (now Shellpot Creek) and Fiske Kill (now Brandywine River) a short distance north of Fort Christina, and there he received official visitors and dispensed hospitality just as Printz had done when the capital was at Tinicum. One Swedish settlement was made in what is now Pennsylvania during the Rising régime, namely, that called Ammansland and located between the present cities of Chester and Darby, but, as already stated, most of the newcomers in 1654 settled near Fort Christina and Fort Trefaldighet. In later years, however, a part of the Swedish farming population crossed the Delaware River and settled in the area known as Penns Neck and also along the Narraticons (Raccoon) and Mantas (Mantua) creeks. A few

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Swedes also went to the eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay in the present state of Maryland.

But the Swedish dominion on the Delaware was fast approaching its end, for Rising's rash seizure of Fort Casimir had driven Peter Stuyvesant at New Amsterdam into such a rage that he promptly arranged with the authorities in Holland for the sending of a strong force to the Delaware to seize the Swedish posts. Seven Dutch ships with a force variously estimated in strength from 300 to 700 men came up the river the latter part of August 1655, and without any difficulty Stuyvesant took possession of Fort Trefaldighet on September 1, and, following prolonged negotiations between himself and Rising, also occupied Fort Christina on September 15. During the interval between the fall of Fort Trefaldighet and Fort Christina, the Dutch soldiers ravaged the Swedish farmsteads all the way to Tinicum Island, but Stuyvesant's terms for the surrender of the colony were rather generous. Rising, his officers, and some soldiers and freemen were permitted to return to Sweden and the freemen who elected to remain (a large part of the Swedish and Finnish population) were permitted to retain their farms on condition that they swore allegiance to the Dutch flag.

It may seem strange that Sweden, so soon after the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648 which finally had brought to a close the Thirty Years' War and by the terms of which she had become the virtual mistress of the Baltic, should have lost in America what her statesmen had hoped would become a "jewel in the royal Swedish crown." The answer can be summed up in two words: "neglect" and "preoccupation." With the death in 1644 of Admiral Klas Fleming in the Danish-Swedish War, the Colony of New Sweden lost its most enthusiastic supporter. The Chancellor, Axel Oxenstierna, from 1644 onwards, was engrossed not only in bringing that war to a successful conclusion, which he did by the peace of Brömsebro in 1645, but was confronted with innumerable difficulties in keeping the victorious Swedish armies in Germany well supported and in carrying on, through his son Johan, the peace negotiations at Osnabrück in Westphalia with the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. Moreover, Swedish troops continued to occupy strategic posts in Germany until 1650, to guarantee the fulfillment of the treaty stipulations. Although Sweden had now reached the very pinnacle of her fame and glory, the economic condition of her agricultural class, on account of the numerous war taxes, was deplorable. Even on the occasion of Queen Christina's coronation, in 1650, the tension between the nobility and the other estates became so serious that it was feared in some quarters that civil war would break out. Queen Christina after her coronation paid less and less attention to affairs of



*Reverend Eric Björk  
From a Painting in Holy Trinity Church, Wilmington*

State, but spent her days in pleasures and waste of the nation's resources, and soon began to contemplate abdication.

It is small wonder, therefore, that the Colony of New Sweden during the latter years of Printz's administration should have been permitted to shift for itself. True, the Swedish government took a momentary interest in the affairs of the colony when news reached Sweden of the building by the Dutch of Fort Casimir in 1651; but no ship left for New Sweden until the *Örnen* was got ready in 1653 and Johan Rising was sent to assist Printz. When this ship arrived it was too late. Johan Printz, the firm but also diplomatic Governor, had returned to Sweden, and Rising did not possess qualities to match those of Peter Stuyvesant. It is problematical, however, whether Sweden, involved in wars from

1655 to 1660, could have long retained control of the Colony even had the Dutch not appeared in force in the late summer of 1655.

The Swedish settlers, however, prospered despite the disappearance of Swedish sovereignty in the Delaware River Valley, and the Swedish Finns, coming on the *Mercurius* in 1656, considerably augmented the population. The natural increase was likewise steady. The Swedes had their own court at Upland during the régime of the Dutch from 1655 to 1664 and during the succeeding English régime from 1664 to 1682, known as the Duke of York period. Finally, when William Penn arrived in the Valley in 1682, he found the Swedish and Finnish population pretty well established and he commented favorably upon the appearance of their farmsteads. He employed Swedes as interpreters in his negotiations with the Indians and no doubt his success in gaining their goodwill was due in part to their friendliness toward and their confidence in the Swedish pioneers.

The Swedes are said to have introduced the log cabin in America. Certainly their blockhouses and homes were among the first structures in America to be built of logs. Carpenters, blacksmiths, millers, and other craftsmen came over with the Swedes, so that they not only tilled the soil but were also engaged in other economic pursuits necessary for their success as colonizers.

Nor did the Swedes neglect religion. True, Johan Campanius had not succeeded in converting very many Indians by means of his famous Indian-Swedish Catechism, but he had established the Lutheran faith among his widely-scattered parishioners upon a firm base so that after his departure for Sweden in 1648 they and their descendants for many decades continued to hold services both at Tinicum and on the Christina River, and later also at Wicaco in what is now South Philadelphia. In point of fact, there was a growing realization among the Swedish settlers as late as the beginning of the last decade of the seventeenth century that, if their parishes were not to become extinct, it would be necessary for them to secure assistance from the State Church of Sweden. A letter from Charles Springer, lay leader and magistrate among the Swedes on the lower Delaware, to Sweden brought about the renewal of relations, and although the Swedes on the Delaware were British subjects and immediately under the government of William Penn, Charles XI showed a very warm interest in their spiritual welfare, and set in motion a State Church missionary activity in the Delaware River Valley which lasted until after the American Revolution.

By this remarkable movement the Swedish government made up abundantly for its previous neglect of the Swedish colonists on the



*Below, Holy Trinity (Old Swedes) in Wilmington, Delaware, called the Cradle of Christianity on the Delaware. It was dedicated in 1699 by the clergymen Björk and Rudman. The former remained as pastor of the church for many years, and his picture still hangs there. After his return to Sweden, he induced the Falun Mining Company to present to Holy Trinity a communion set (to the left)*



To the right, Gloria Dei (Old Swedes) in Philadelphia. Below, the interior of the church. It was dedicated by the clergymen Rudman and Björk, in 1700, on the site of the old Wicaco blockhouse which had been used for divine services since 1677. Gloria Dei, like the Wilmington church, has a substantial endowment and is carefully preserved. Both are now used by Episcopalian congregations



**Delaware.** Upwards of thirty Swedish clergymen, nearly all of them university-trained men, came to America during the course of the next century, and the tangible results of their labors may be seen in the five "Old Swedes" churches which are still standing in excellent condition and in use. These are Holy Trinity in Wilmington, Delaware, built by the Reverend Eric Björk, and dedicated in 1699; Gloria Dei in South Philadelphia, built by the Reverend Andreas Rudman, and dedicated in 1700; St. James in West Philadelphia and Christ Church in Bridgeport, Pennsylvania, both of these churches being branches of Gloria Dei; and Trinity Church in Swedesboro, New Jersey, an offshoot of Holy Trinity in Wilmington.

But the Swedish pastors were not merely builders of church structures; they were also, for the most part, faithful shepherds of their flocks. And by direction of their superiors, especially Jesper Svedberg, Bishop of Skara and father of the mystic, Emanuel Swedenborg, they also established friendly relations with the Anglican Church and actually received stipends from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, of which the Bishop of London was the head, for ministering to the spiritual needs of Anglicans in the Delaware River Valley who could not be reached by the missionaries of that society. Some of the Swedish pastors were also scholars and scientists, while nearly all of them were meticulously careful to send reports to the Consistory in Sweden, which manuscripts have been preserved in the various Swedish archives. Andreas Hesselius at the Christina Church, for example, was interested in botany, and has left a valuable account of American plant life in the early part of the eighteenth century. Israel Acrelius, at Christina in the middle of that century, was a historian and a critical observer of contemporary American life about him. A work by him was published in Stockholm upon his return to Sweden. The last two clergymen, Lawrence Girelius of Christina at Wilmington and Nicholas Collin of Gloria Dei in Philadelphia, were both interested in education. The former, who did not return to Sweden until 1791, assisted in founding Wilmington Academy, and the latter, who remained in this country, preaching in Swedish and English until his death in 1831, was for a time a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, as well as an active member of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia.

Thus, because of the interest of the Church of Sweden in the welfare of the far distant Swedish settlers and their descendants, the contact of Sweden with her colony on the Delaware did not actually end in 1655, but can be said to have lasted almost 200 years longer, until the death of Dr. Collin in 1831, when the tie was finally broken.

# Garbo

BY CARLO KEIL-MÖLLER

**O**N A SPRING day in 1925 I stood with Mauritz Stiller in the Central Station in Stockholm and said goodbye to Greta Garbo, who was setting out alone on her journey to the United States.

On a January evening in 1936 I sat with her and Noel Coward before the fire in the open fireplace in my home in Stockholm, and

together we discussed our common interest in life—theaters and films. Between these two dates lie the years which have made Garbo world-famous.

I remember her from 1925 as a tall, slender, strikingly beautiful girl of a decidedly Swedish type. The most fascinating things about her were her deep, sparkling eyes, which were shaded by unusually long lashes, and her dark, melodious voice. She had then just begun to attract attention, rather, indeed, by her beauty than by her talent. She had gone through the training school of the Royal Theater in Stockholm and had then been engaged for the student corps there, a distinction awarded to the most gifted students. In the final

test at the dramatic school, she had interpreted with gripping intensity a scene from *Runar Schildt*, in which the author depicts the emotions of a mother who is present at the hanging of her own son. Those who saw the performance still speak of the thrilling way in which the young student entered into the spirit of this character rôle. One year at the Royal Theater did not afford Garbo much opportunity to display her talent. She took her place there with the other young people, and it was hoped that she, like the rest, might one day fulfill the hopes vested in her.

There was not at that time any trace of what everybody now thinks



*The Young Garbo as Ebba Dohna*

of as the Garbo type. The tall young lady was quite plump, and from the girlish blue eyes peeped forth a young soul which seemed to have a good deal of appetite and curiosity for life. This early Garbo was, however, very bashful, and only her most intimate friends knew the fresh, infectious gaiety which could cause her shyness to evaporate completely and transform her into a most lively and entertaining companion. Her fellow students still preserve the memory of many amusing incidents and merry quips from such occasions. She dressed very simply, but always with a certain style. She loved severe lines and sober colors, and indeed, her purse did not permit her any extravagances in the way of clothes.

This was the young person who was engaged by Svensk Film-industri to play Ebba Dohna in the film version of *Gösta Berlings Saga*, Selma Lagerlöf's famous first novel. The film was to be directed by Mauritz Stiller, whose eye had been caught by Garbo's beautiful face and its screen possibilities. The acceptance of this offer meant for Garbo that she must break her contract with the Royal Theater.

Stiller was every inch an artist. Not until middle age had he discovered his real task in life—the direction of moving pictures. He was born in Helsingfors, Finland, and had managed as a very young actor to flee the country in order to avoid doing his military service in the hated Russian army. Just at that time Finland was suffering most severely under the Russian yoke. In Sweden Stiller pursued his career as an actor without any particular success, but the experience he gained was extremely valuable to him when he went over finally into film work. Within a few years he had made his way to the top among our film directors, and it is he and Sjöström who have done most to win a high standing and artistic prestige for Swedish films. His strength lay in his eye; his imagination was in the highest degree visual. Everything he undertook, he did with all his might. He was a passionate worker and artist, and his imagination wrought with a brilliancy and fire which had a very beneficial influence on Swedish actors. But merciless as he was in his demands upon himself, he was just as merciless with those under him. Only the best was good enough. Scenes would have to be retaken endlessly, the direction might go on eternally, before the director was satisfied with his own work and that of the actors. It was very hard for him to be patient with a slow actor. Explosions and violent scenes were therefore not uncommon in the studio during his working hours. But on the other hand he could be extraordinarily inspiring, encouraging, and invigorating when he had a pliable talent to work with.



*Greta Garbo in an Old Favorite—"Romance"*

This was the man, then, who discovered Garbo and gave her her great chance in life. After her first rôle in *Gösta Berlings Saga* he did not lose sight of her artistically. They were not able to work together without friction, however. Stiller's penetrating and sometimes pitiless criticism occasionally got on the young Garbo's nerves to such an extent that she would rush off in desperation from the studio. It is said that on one such occasion she stamped on the floor and with flashing eyes exclaimed: "Oh, how I hate that man!" It was not long, however, before she was back again under the pitiless but artistically creative eye of her director.



"*Anna Christie*"—Garbo's First Speaking Film

After this her first success in the films, Garbo soon left the theater for good. The screen with its endless possibilities offered a much more alluring career than the Swedish stage, where a young artist might have to work for years to gain notice. A considerable amount of film work was awaiting her in Germany, including the production of *The Joyless Street*. A larger undertaking which had been projected did not, however, get beyond the planning stage.

In the meantime Garbo had attracted attention in the United States also, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had soon concluded a preliminary contract with her. It was to fulfill this contract that she went in June 1925 to Los Angeles. Stiller was to follow a little later.

Stiller's influence over Garbo has been compared to that of Svengali over Trilby. Nothing could be more misleading, and no comparison could be less happily chosen. There is no doubt that Stiller was intensely interested in Garbo. But he lived essentially in the world of imagination and art. As the sculptor looks upon his block of marble or the painter upon his colors, so did Stiller look upon Garbo. He realized what she could become; he knew how much his own coopera-



*Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas in Pirandello's "As You Desire Me"*

tion could help her to arrive at this goal. I do not think that I am guilty of any exaggeration if I say that she was his most beautiful artist's dream. The reality was to prove him right in an even higher degree perhaps than he had dared to dream.

In the beginning their careers ran side by side in the U.S.A., but after a few years Stiller was gone forever. He had lived long enough, however, to see the start of his protégée's meteoric career.

It would not be possible within the compass of a brief article to follow Garbo's progress from rôle to rôle, even if this were a particularly desirable or profitable task. From the long series of women that she has created before the camera, the Garbo image has gradually crystallized. We must be content to try to observe the main features of this image and discover the essential characteristics of her artistic personality.

It is significant that one no longer hears anybody speak of Greta Garbo, but simply of Garbo. This is a certain indication of world renown. People speak of her now as they spoke of Rachel, of Duse. How far away her great successes in the days of the silent films

already seem to us! Yet every one of them meant a step upwards. *The Flesh and the Devil*, *Love*, *Divine Women*, *Mata Hari*—all are names which have already begun to pale before the things that we have seen since.

During this period and even long after, there were constant complaints about the quality of the manuscripts chosen for the artist. They almost never seemed worthy of her. Yet the remarkable thing happened, that Garbo's greatness stood out in spite of the rôles she created. She ennobled her films. We saw the same phenomenon as is sometimes observed on the stage—that a great actress elevates her rôle and breathes life into an empty structure, fills it with her own spirit. It is only in very recent years that Garbo has been given, at least occasionally, material in which the literary form was worthy of her.

One might suppose that Garbo's extraordinary prestige in the American film world would put her in a position to reject unconditionally the inartistic manuscripts that have been submitted to her. But no doubt this eventuality has been foreseen and adequately provided against in her contract.

The most interesting, the most revolutionary thing that has happened to Garbo in the course of her artistic career is the arrival of the talking picture. She had already reached the pinnacles of fame in the days of the silent film. With her face alone she understood how to interpret in masterly fashion the life of the soul. The public never tired of following this animated silent speech. The arrival of the talking picture meant for many of the artists of the films the end of their careers, but for Garbo it meant a further extension of her artistic domain.

The first time we heard her voice was in 1931 in the very imperfect film *Anna Christie*, based on O'Neill's drama. Through the unbeautiful concatenation of sounds in this film, we could hear that Garbo possessed a dark, sonorous, and expressive voice. But the silent language that her face spoke was still much more beautiful than her voice.

With astonishing speed the sound film developed its resources, giving the human voice ever greater possibilities. This could already be observed in Garbo's next film *Grand Hotel* from Vicki Baum's novel, in which our heroine had to create the rôle of the world famous dancer Grusinskaya.

As Garbo was afforded the opportunity to make use of her art of diction and of the possibilities of her voice, the value of her performances was, of course, enormously enhanced. The thorough knowl-



*Garbo Impersonating Sweden's Erratic Queen as She Leaves Her Realm*

edge of phonetics which she had acquired in her study of the art of speech at the training school of the Royal Theater must certainly have been of great assistance to her, even if English had now become her language.

Her speaking rôles have impressed themselves much more strongly upon our minds than her silent performances. We remember vividly her young wife in Pirandello's *As You Desire Me* and we recall just as gratefully her *Anna Karenina*, which she created anew for the talking films.

Her *Queen Christina* created a great sensation, which was only surpassed by her *Camille*. It was a strange experience for the Swedish public to see her characterize a portrait of one of our best known queens and to be able to observe that every feature of this portrait was a perversion of historical fact, every line a distortion, that the story teemed with what for the Swedish audience were thoroughly grotesque, ludicrous, and false elements—and in spite of all this to bow before the might of the personal radiance that emanated from Garbo herself. The Swedish public ignored completely the fact that

this was supposed to be a recreation of a familiar historical figure. People simply rechristened the film "Garbo" in their minds and were thus able to preserve their mental composure and enjoy her creation. But what they thought of the historical understanding and knowledge of the scenario writer I shall leave unsaid.

The extreme irritation which this film aroused in Sweden on account of its scenario caused Garbo to emerge into a clearer light than ever. Her figure stood out in all its artistic splendor against this unworthy background and made many people, who had hitherto taken a critical attitude towards her, reflect upon the fact that her acting was of such innate power and force that it could even gloss over the worst imbecilities of the film.

The sensation which her Christina created has been eclipsed, however, by the sensation, in the better meaning of the word, over her *Camille*. Sweden has never before seen Garbo rise so high, and the Fatherland's recognition of its great daughter has been unanimous.

This is indeed the triumph of a great artist. It is hard to imagine that further perfection can be possible in the art which she has made her own and which she has raised to a height that none other of its practitioners has hitherto achieved. For ten years she has held her position as the recognized queen of the films amidst ceaseless and severe competition, and she has done so by the power of her unique gifts and by no other means.

I have never before seen Garbo so lucid, so transparent in her acting as in this particular rôle. One can follow an emotion as it passes over her face, one can see the gusts of feeling flurry forth in the play of the muscles over this countenance which is as beautiful as it is ethereal. It is not merely a perfect woman that accords us these moments, it is far rather a great artist. All that film can give at the present time of the measure of a soul, Garbo gives us.

Added to this mimetic mastery is her peculiar way of speaking. Her melancholy voice with its Swedish lilt colors her English in a very personal way. It seems as though her lines were superior to those of the other players in wealth of shading and life. Listen, for example, to her mastery in the death scene, where she whispers every phrase and only now and then allows a word to sound out. But how these few words vibrate for this reason and gain force to express her burning desire to continue the new life that love is opening up to her.

The same accent is found again in her acting. How strange it is to see this modern artist, modern in the best sense of the term, live in the costumes and phrases of a bygone age and give them the life of



*Robert Taylor and Greta Garbo in "Camille"*

our time; for they really do live. We do not sit unmoved by this woman's fate. We look into a living, suffering, loving soul, which speaks a language that is understandable to every person today.

The excitement increases with every scene in this performance. We wonder how long the enchantment can last. But this time Garbo does not lose her grip on the spectator. From the moment when she opens like a flower to love and unfolds her beauty in all its glory, until the moment when she fades away before our gaze and her eyes fail, she holds us in thrall. This face which can glow with happiness and tremble with suffering can also grow wan in death. Who can ever forget the concluding picture where we see annihilation tense the wasted features

and the flame go out? This vision glides forth towards the beholder and fades away, but it will never let go of his imagination.

Garbo exchanges in her version the declamatory for the low-pitched, the grandiose for the intimate. Her use of gesture is as restrained as possible. Sentiment displaces sentimentality, genuine emotion banishes emotionalism. And this is why her creation is so intelligible, so human, comes so close to us. Garbo acts on the screen in the same simple, restrained style that the great actresses of our day use on the stage.

Besides this inner acting we wonder at her ability to wear pleasingly and manoeuvre gracefully the costume and head dress of the 1850s. Indeed we have had occasion in all her films to admire her talent for wearing clothes well.

This intimate, meditative style of playing—this playing with muted strings—is probably the most characteristic thing about Garbo. No one else is such a master of it as she. Never has this stood forth more clearly than in *Camille*. It is told of the Indian fakirs that they could plant a seed in the earth and cause it to grow up before the eyes of the beholder into a plant with leaves and flowers. I have often had this sensation in watching Garbo's acting. She is able as though by a miracle to cause a woman's soul to sprout up before our eyes and burst out in bloom.

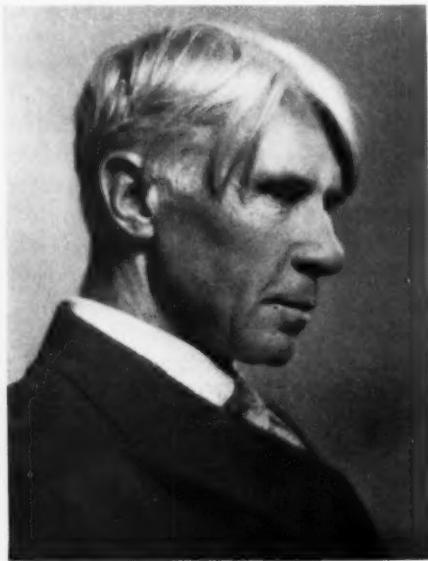
In conclusion I shall return to the evening when I sat listening to her in front of the fireplace in my home. The fire cast its glow over her pale, wonderful face, mirrored itself in her deep, melancholy eyes, played with the reflections in her blue velvet dress. This was quite another Garbo from the one I had said goodbye to on her departure for the United States eleven years before. She spoke of her life and experiences and discussed Hollywood with Noel Coward, who has of course also worked there. It was extremely interesting to hear their views of the life there. How vividly I realized in that hour that no human success, least of all world fame, is won without personal sacrifice. Success and happiness do not always go together, nor are they identical. Success has its sacrificial victims too, just as culture has.

Honor, success, world fame, gold—all these the world has given to Garbo. And she has given to us some of the best hours of our lives, when thanks to her great art we have been lifted up to heights to which our everyday existence could never carry us. What are gold, honor, success in comparison with a few moments of happiness?

# Carl Sandburg

BY HOLGER LUNDBERGH

CARL SANDBURG was twenty years old when he returned from the Spanish War to the familiar expanse of flowering prairie around his home in Galesburg, Illinois. The grass stood sharply green around his ankles, and the horizon slipped into haze, like the open sea, on either side. His tanned face,



Carl Sandburg

like a head cut by kindly hands from sound, brown wood, surveyed the scene of his hard early boyhood. He loved every inch of the vast plain, but eight months in Puerto Rico had changed him. It was not the hardships or the useless brutality of war. He had chewed gravel before. He thought of the years spent in brickyards and in steaming hotel kitchens, washing dishes, of dawn-colored milk routes and the ache in his shoulders that came from shifting scenery in vaudeville houses. He had tarred barn roofs, shined shoes, and

threshed wheat. But as a private in the 6th Illinois Infantry he had made friends with a boy from his own town, an eager youth, who had set "larnin'" as his only goal. When he got back to Galesburg, he assured Carl, he would enter Lombard College. Sandburg's father, a strong, gay, and kindly immigrant laborer from the north of Sweden, who ended as a physical ruin in the service of a railroad company, had not learned to read and write until late in life. His mother, also from the Swedish Northland, had humour and gallantry and patience and a backbone of steel. Working endlessly in her narrow Galesburg home, she still had found time to discover for herself the incalculable joy of books. But it was hardly more than a teasing taste, not more, in fact, than Carl's own brief schooling which ended when he was thirteen. All through the straggling, roughshod years, when need forced the youth to contribute to the family upkeep, he shut in his heart a song of words. At times it swelled with intolerable urge, yet he knew not how to release it. But the song, often only a whisper, persisted.

When he returned from the war in the autumn of 1898, Sandburg had decided that he, too, would go to college. It was his good fortune that his teacher in English was Professor Philip Green Wright, a shrewd and generous scholar. He founded the Poor Writers' Club, which Carl and one other student joined. Debates were held, the half-baked poems of stormy adolescence were read and discussed. Wright soon understood Sandburg's long-starved desire for the mere putting one word after another, for the sheer mechanics of language, and his thrill in making a sentence cut and leap. In 1904 he brought out a small volume of Sandburg's poems, to which he gave the title, *In Reckless*

*Ecstasy.* They were just that. They opened the flood-gates of expression to a grey-eyed farm boy, who up to now had worn, as he himself later expressed it, "the aprons of silence."

College soon ended and, though the dream remained untouched, there was the necessity of finding work. At thirty Carl Sandburg was employed in a newspaper office in Milwaukee. It was there, in 1908, that he married Lillian Steichen, a French-American girl, whose brother is the famous photographer Edward Steichen.

In the sprawling stockyard city of Chicago there existed then—and still does—a journal simply named *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*. It not only existed, but flourished, under the wise and inspired leadership of the late Miss Harriet Monroe. Greatly due to her understanding and courage, a handful of talented, outspoken poets were allowed to have their say. Tired to death of the pretty nonsense of the Van Dykes, the Rileys, and the Ella Wheeler Wilcoxes of that time, these young men and women found in Miss Monroe a fearless champion. In 1914 she opened the pages of her magazine to Sandburg, who contributed his first long poem, *Chicago*. The power and pyrotechnics of those short lines, packed with love and disgust, echoed and reechoed through the entire Anglo-Saxon literary world. A new Whitman was born!

That Sandburg and the good grey poet have certain characteristics in common is undeniable. But the more Sandburg produced—his *Chicago Poems*, published in 1916, *Smoke and Steel*, *Corn Huskers*, and *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*—the clearer did he show that he was no second Whitman.

Two major points of differentiation are evident. There are those who see in a Sandburg poem only a brilliant thumbnail sketch of a man, a sunset, a skyscraper, expressed in forceful words along uneven lines. They fail utterly, as Harry

Hansen has pointed out, to sense the haunting and unmistakable rhythm of those apparently jagged sentences, a rhythm never found in a Whitman poem. The underlying three-time and four-time of each poem escapes them. Instinctive, or closely studied, it is there.

The second point is the sociological outlook of Sandburg, which is directly opposite to Whitman's. Walt was fascinated by a locomotive, a great city, a factory belching smoke. They stood—and rightly—for expansion, new frontiers conquered, opportunity, production. Carl knew from an icy experience that back of all this growth and opulence lay incredible greed and injustice. "For years my father was a peon to the railroad, the damned slave drivers," he once said. Amy Lowell was one who would have found it so much more convenient and acceptable if Sandburg had, as did Whitman, prated of truth and equality and not persisted in holding up to her sacrosanct millionaires the mirror of truth. In a moment of thoughtlessness she once reviewed a book by Sandburg in this attitude of pained regret. Carl did not answer, feeling that his original accusation, sharp but justified, was a sufficient reply.

From all his writing, poems and prose, rises in clenched fierceness the calm, cold statement of Sandburg that things are not good in any way, but must be changed before we go into rhapsodies about our land. Of "Anna Imroth" he says, in a plainness pared of everything superfluous:

"But all the others got down and are safe and this is the only one of the factory girls who was not lucky in making the jump when the fire broke."

It is in the hands of God and the lack of fire escapes."

The Mayor of Gary interests him. He interviews him "about the 12-hour day and the 7-day week." The Mayor, he tells us, "wore cream pants, and white shoes,

and the barber had fixed him up with a shampoo and a shave." Leaving the mayor's office he "saw workmen wearing leather shoes scruffed with fire and cinders—and some had bunches of specialized muscles around their shoulder blades hard as pig-iron." There walked the elder Sandburg and Carl can never forget that these conditions exist, nor forgive them.

He might, however, succeed in tiring even those spiritually akin to him, were his production to any great extent concerned with shaking fists. Sandburg's hand, most of the time, is held out in welcome. His stern and quizzical Swedish face loves most to show a quick, warm smile. His voice is never more genial than when, for instance, it recounts in a timbre which he alone possesses, how hungry he still gets when he thinks of his mother saying, in Swedish, "*Carl, maten väntar.*" "How can you put the same feeling into the words, 'Carl, dinner is ready'? '*Mat*' always will mean more to me than 'food' er 'dinner.' "

It is because of his towering, uncompromising love that Sandburg's tight-fisted blows against arrogance and knavery carry such tremendous force. For he turns, in a second, to regard affectionately a beer-drinking Hungarian, an ice handler, a fish peddler, a show girl. Their lives, like the lives of so many small people, he finds complete, serene, even enviable. With the same love he clothes his unforgettable, camera-quick impressions of rainy streets, sunsets bleeding over the prairies, tall houses at dusk, and fog wrapping wool around lonely piers.

In Harbert, Michigan, where Carl Sandburg now lives, he recently passed his sixtieth birthday, on which he was honored by King Gustaf V of Sweden with the Royal Order of the North Star. As usual, the day was devoted to work, for he is rapidly completing the third part of the life of Abraham Lincoln. The first two volumes of this gigantic work appeared in 1926. For more than thirty years he had

gathered material for those books. "I wanted," he once said, "to take Lincoln away from the religious bigots and the professional politicians, and restore him to the common people, to whom he belongs." One discovery of Lincoln relies led to another. All over the United States Sandburg traveled in search of stuff, lecturing as he went, playing his steel guitar and appearing at clubs. Almost invariably the local library or the home of a listener would yield a treasured morsel. "My Lincoln book ran longer than I had expected," he confessed, "because I found Lincoln a more companionable personality than I had thought."

The Sandburg home is a pleasant Dutch Colonial house, built on the dunes close to the shore of Lake Michigan. On the second floor is the poet's workshop, which includes a screened-off sun porch. His breakfast and lunch are served there, but at dinner time he joins his wife and his three daughters, one of whom was born when Sandburg lived in Stockholm in 1918 as a correspondent for the Newspaper Enterprise Association. The living room always echoes to the eager voices of young people and the barking of a strangely assorted pack of dogs. Friends drop in for a meal, a drink, or a talk. Often Sandburg takes long solitary strolls along the beach, when the moon hangs over the lake, spilling silver on the sleepy waves. He plays a little golf, motors around the countryside—always driven by his wife—and never forgets to hold long conversations with the pedigreed goats which the family raises with care and pride.

He was once a guest of a thoughtful and generous family. "Before I retire," said his hostess, "I want to be sure that you have all you need in your room." The answer, I believe, expresses Sandburg's genuine attitude toward life: "All I need," he called cheerfully, "and more than I deserve."



*A Hunter and His Little Son at Kraulshavn, on the Edge of the Lake that Supplies the Settlement with Water*

# At Devil's Thumb

*A Photographer in North Greenland*

BY JETTE BANG

THE LITTLE MOTORBOAT chugged laboriously out of the harbor at Upernivik, the northernmost colony of the Greenland Administration. The waves were tossing and foaming on the open sea. On board was the dentist whose duty it is to care for the teeth of the people in the most remote settlements at about 74° north, where the schooner comes but once a year. His instruments, which were packed in a queer little traveling chest, he had placed in the forecastle, and now he stood staring disconsolately at the frothy crests. The distressing thing about it was that as soon as the wind-force rose above zero he inevitably became seasick, and therefore dreaded even the briefest voyage. Once out in the storm on the rolling ship, however, he bore his misery with admirable fortitude.

For me, who am so fortunate as to be able to face the stormiest ocean, it was quite a different matter. I stood on the roof of the cabin taking the last pictures of our departure from Upernivik, but I was all eagerness to get out to sea and up to the unknown regions of the north.

My deerskin sleeping-bag was stowed into the smallest possible space. My tent, provision chest, and cooking utensils were lashed fast to the deck. Only my precious rubber bag containing cameras and films was hidden away in a safe spot down in the forecastle. For my own part I tried not to be a nuisance and kept out of the way as much as possible.

Whenever I heard of a sailing, whether it was an official tour or a freight transport, I always tried to get passage, and I invariably met with the utmost kindness

both from Danes and Greenlanders. Without this helpfulness it would have been quite impossible for me in eight months to travel over the west coast of Greenland from south to north, some of it several times, covering in all approximately 10,000 kilometers, in order to carry out my task of photographing all the inhabited regions of Greenland.

Many and varied were the adventures I had on my trips, but the best of them all was to be this one. I had high hopes of my visit to the northern settlements of the Upernivik district. My collection lacked pictures from the primitive places where the folk life has been least affected by civilization and where the ancient Eskimo customs are best preserved. Consequently I had set my heart on a sojourn there. But that this visit should at the same time afford me the rich experience of coming into contact with original, untouched human beings, who live as man was really intended to live, procuring food and clothing by hunting with tools and weapons of their own making and amicably sharing the spoils of the chase, was indeed more than I had ventured to expect.

It was not until I was sitting in my tent at Kraulshavn, after the dentist—the last European I was to see for a month—had chugged off with his instrument chest, leaving me genuinely oppressed with loneliness amidst the bare mountains, that I really felt for the first time what Greenland hospitality and friendliness may mean. A toothless old woman wearing an anorak, skin trousers, and long sealskin boots came trudging down the mountain side and circled a time or two, as though



*Setting out from Kraulshavn for Devil's Thumb in a "Konebaad" with Women at the Oars*

by chance, around my tent. Then she coughed discreetly, and I realized that this was a sign that conversation might begin.

At this time my knowledge of the Greenland speech was very slight, but it was obvious that she had come to bid me welcome to her homeland, and she did so with a copious flow of language accompanied by lively and graceful gestures. It was a pity that I could not understand all the polite expressions and turns of phrase which are so characteristic of the

Greenland language and which, I could see from her manner, she was using lavishly. All I could understand was that her name was Beata, that she was the widow of a sealer, that she was "perhaps fifty-seven, perhaps sixty-four years old," and now lived with her son, who was "let me see, perhaps twenty-seven." Beata related and asked questions and, in spite of my silence and awkwardness, kept up an easy conversation for a quarter of an hour. Then she arose, brushed the moss fastidiously off her trousers, and withdrew with



*Icebergs—Gorgeous with the Play of Color in the Glittering Ice, but Dangerous to Approach*

a polite and gracious observation. And there I sat with my oatmeal, which I had cooked on the hissing primus, feeling a little warmer round the heart and much less lonely. Half an hour later as I was sitting writing up my diary inside the tent, I heard a gentle cough. It was Beata again, this time with a big slice of seal meat in her hands. Her son had caught a seal that day, and, according to an old Eskimo custom, when a seal is brought home, everybody in the settlement must taste seal meat. Beata thought it only right that the Danish girl over in the tent should have her share too, especially since I had no husband to catch seals for me.

The position of a lone woman in a Greenland sealing community is a humble one. Yes, indeed, Beata knew that. To be sure, she had her unmarried son with her, but in spite of that her clothes revealed the fact that she was a widow. The Greenland sealers, like other husbands, take pride in keeping their wives well dressed in brand new furs, but the widows and unmarried women must wear their clothing threadbare, for they, of course, can only have the hides which the lady of the house or her family and friends do not need.

My outfit was not, in the eyes of the Greenlanders, very elegant. Although I



*Devil's Thumb Like a Dark Column Towering Over the Mountains and Glaciers*

wore kamiks, the Greenland sealskin boots (three changes of these are required) and anorak, I had "only" cloth skiing trousers, and to the Greenlanders this was a melancholy manifestation of my unmarried state. Consequently I, too, was once presented, in a little settlement north of Kraulshavn near Devil's Thumb, with a fine sealskin for a pair of *dagisutter*, the short sealskin trousers which the women wear. I expressed my gratitude feelingly but with some embarrassment, for with the best will in the world, I could not possibly sew the hard, untanned seal-skin, much less work the skilful embroidery which embellishes the *dagisutter*.

I had come to Devil's Thumb with the women's boat. The crew was from Kraulshavn, the coxswain was the curate of

Kraulshavn, the chief dignitary of the place, and all the rowers were women. One of them was the midwife and she was the life of the party. Time after time she caused the mirth to flow during the voyage, which progressed amidst song and ringing laughter. If you have plenty of time, the women's boat is a marvelous vessel for a summer tour in Greenland. It is the ideal way to travel. From the low seat you have the best view of the magnificent ice-capped mountains. When the weather is good, you row along the coast, and if it changes, you go ashore and pitch your tent and wait there, amusing yourself with songs and stories, until the storm is over. No stuttering motor disturbs the great calm of nature, and you have time to absorb impressions of beauty from the



*An Old-Fashioned Greenland Hut Built of Turf and Stone, Its Only Window Covered with a Membrane*

wonderful illumination and the slowly shifting landscape.

The rowers, who pull away tirelessly at the oars, frequently burst forth in part-singing, which in spite of the lagging rhythm and the untrained voices sounds

pleasant in the silent surroundings. In between the songs they exchange merry jests and chew on long strips of dried seal meat, while the water kettle is passed round from mouth to mouth. My coxswain, the curate, who had studied Danish for



*A Mother at Kraulshavn with Her Child on Her Arm and a Manly Pipe in Her Mouth*

six years at the seminary in Godthaab—"the capital of Greenland"—was, in spite of his learning, too shy to speak Danish to me and answered all my questions in his native tongue, while the midwife, a privileged character, took great delight in mimicking my sentences, of which she did not understand a single word.

I suspected the good midwife of having a weakness for the curate. Of course he was a respectable father of a family with eight children, but still an innocent flirtation would liven up a trip on the women's

boat. Nor was he entirely impervious to the lady's blandishments.

Towards evening on the third day we sighted Devil's Thumb on the horizon. Vast and strange the mountain rose like a dark column, towering above the rounded slopes of islands and headlands between which the glaciers push out into the ocean. As the mountain slowly grew and came nearer, my imagination had ample time to expand. Finally we reached the place which I had set as the goal of my Greenland trip at home in Denmark

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*Greenlanders in Viktors' Cabin, Feigning Sleep While Their Picture Is Taken*

before I knew what traveling in Greenland really meant. I was restless and excited. Here I should meet the most northerly settlers of Melville Bay, the people who had chosen Devil's Thumb itself as neighbor. The landscape exceeded my expectations in wildness and grandeur. As far as the eye could reach toward the north, there was nothing but glaciers, which jutted out side by side into the water like white tongues from the inland ice, and the only visible traces of land were the bare, scattered nunataks, which lay like black dots between the glacier tongues. And the people, what would they be like? They must be gloomy and taciturn under the influence of this barren landscape and the hard sealer's life.

For almost three months of the winter the sun does not appear above the horizon at all, and during the autumn and winter

storms, sky and earth are as one. Today it was calm and warm, but the night before, July 25, it had been so cold that we had to put on heavy fur anoraks, although the midnight sun was shining over us in all its splendor. Once a year the little two-masted schooner comes up here from Upernivik with supplies, which are sold on board, and in February the district physician drives up by dog-sled, when conditions are such that he can come so far. Otherwise no strange faces are seen in the settlement.

This time we were the first guests of the year, for the ice conditions had been so bad in the winter that the doctor could not get through. Everybody who could walk or creep had come down to the shore. We were met by laughing faces, and eager hands stretched forth to help me over the wet stones on to dry land. First I handed over my cameras with a word of



*Beata Coaxing the Blubber-Soaked Moss Wick to Burn Under the Kettle Which Gives Out a Delicious Fragrance of Black, Home-Burned Coffee*

warning—and they were carried ashore as carefully as though they had been bars of gold, to the great interest of the whole assemblage. Then I came myself. I glanced round curiously, but none of the Greenlanders betrayed by a look or a movement that I was a strange phenomenon in that place.

Not until the midwife had landed and begun to chatter to all and sundry about the Danish tourist could I notice that attention was turned to me. Moreover, it was quite unnecessary for the loquacious lady to expatriate, for I already had an acquaintance there, a sealer named Viktors, who had come to Kraulshavn in his kayak some time before to make purchases in the Administration's northernmost shop. He had seen me associating with the

Greenlanders, eating their food and trying to help the women in their work—sewing kayaks, flensing, and the like. And the fact that I had lived in the Greenland manner had created a friendly feeling towards me at Devil's Thumb. "Come in," said my Kraulshavn acquaintance with a gracious gesture, taking charge of the procession which consisted of the ever busy midwife, myself, and three youngsters who were carrying my photographic equipment.

We trailed in through the entrance of the foremost hut, where the pot was already boiling vigorously over the blubber lamp with that peculiar, sluggish sound emitted by a potful of seal meat when the fat soup bubbles. It is a black and sinister looking dish, but it tastes wonderful, and

hungry as I was, I lost no time in accepting Viktors' invitation and fell to with a will. With my pocket knife I fished a piece out of the pot and began to eat with the knife and all ten fingers. This eased the tension among the many spectators who had gradually crept in to peek at Viktors' guest. She was eating in the correct way and not as they had seen the Europeans on board the schooner do, with all those strange plates, forks, and spoons. Soon conversation grew lively, they were all laughing and enjoying themselves, and I laughed and enjoyed myself with them. I could not talk to them of course, but the whole atmosphere was such that I felt completely at home among these people. And I had thought I was coming among austere and reserved beings!

When the good humor was at its height, I began quietly to set up my camera. But they discovered me, and at once their faces stiffened into masks. The phenomenon is familiar. This is how all Greenlanders act when they are to be photographed. I began to gnaw thoughtfully at a seal bone until they had forgotten about the apparatus. Then I suggested by means of gestures that I should photograph them lying on the floor as though asleep. After much discussion the suggestion was approved and the whole company stretched out on the floor. But now they entered so wholeheartedly into their rôles that they began to snore loudly with their eyes very tightly closed.

A picture was taken, then another, and still another, and I took my time with the work. They kept on snoring so hard that the window-pane rattled.

Then I quietly packed up my stand and camera and went outside, where I sat down and smoked a cigarette. Ten minutes later I heard a wild howl of laughter from the interior of the hut. I slipped out of sight as quickly as possible and began taking pictures of the landscape.

When I walked round like this taking pictures in some colony or settlement, I

usually had a troupe of youngsters at my heels; sometimes they were rather a nuisance in spite of their irresistible smiles and funny faces, which never failed to put one in good humor. Here, strangely enough, I did not have my usual following. Instead I met up on the mountain an old woman who was gathering heather for fuel. We sat down and talked in the usual way, and I made a sign that I would like to photograph her. But no, she would not hear of it. Why not? There was no reason, she simply refused. Yes, but I must know why. I kept on stubbornly, and finally she pointed with shy roguishness to her top-knot, and I noticed that it was bound up with a green ribbon, the sign of the unmarried mother. In Greenland it has been the custom from ancient times for the women to wear their hair in a tight knot high on the head. The young girls had a red band round the knot, the married women blue, the unmarried mothers green, and widows wore the color of mourning, black. It is said that widows who were desirous of remarrying entwined their black band with a narrower white one. The topknot has now gone out of use in the whole of South Greenland and in the larger towns. Only in the primitive northern settlements is the custom preserved and followed in every detail. Unfortunately I did not succeed in finding a widow with the black and white band.

After two days at Devil's Thumb we had to return to Kraulshavn. I should gladly have remained there longer, but it could not be arranged, for on August 1 the manager at Kraulshavn was holding a feast in honor of his youngest son's birthday, and of course the crew of my women's boat, the six young girls, must not be absent from the dance that day. So towards midnight on July 28 we headed south, followed by another women's boat from Devil's Thumb and five kayaks carrying guests to the birthday festivities.

We arrived at Kraulshavn on the morning of the feast day. The entertainment began in the afternoon, and the refreshments, consisting of cakes and coffee, were served in the sleeping room of the manager's dwelling, into which we were admitted in relays. In the evening the celebration was continued with a dance in the carpenter shop and the serving of home-brewed beer and snaps and coffee out of doors. The dance went on until six o'clock the next morning, and I do not understand how the six girls from the women's boat, who had been rowing for days and all the preceding night, were able to hold out.

The Greenland dance proceeds at the same fiery tempo as the Danish folk dance. The sweating dancers whirl around to the music of accordions in an overheated carpenter or cooper workshop. They spit on the floor in the wild course of the dance and amidst shrill shrieks swing the ladies, who are dressed in their finest short seal-skin trousers and shining white Sunday kamiks. The dances are for the most part old Danish folk dances such as the two-step, mazurka, and waltz in a slightly modified form. The only characteristically native dance is a kind of step dance in which the men and women stand opposite each other and perform lively steps to a peculiar rhythm. It is a sheer delight to see how surely the Greenlanders feel the rhythm in their bodies and the perfect control they have over their movements. In exact time the sturdy, well-proportioned bodies swing round the floor, while the dust is whirled up by the tramping of the flat kamiks, making the air thick. They all dance. Eleven-year-old boys swing women of thirty. Old weather-beaten sealers tirelessly invite all the ladies from fourteen to sixty, and everybody has a good time.

Beata and I sat on the wooden benches looking on, and I could not help thinking of the blasé restaurant crowds at home who with world-weary faces glide over a parquet floor to the tones of a melancholy

tango. Stop for a moment, my fine ladies and gentlemen, and glance into this carpenter shop here, so that you may see what a good time one can have at a dance.

Old Beata suddenly brought me out of my dreams by drawing my attention to a young Greenlander who looked as if he would like to ask me to dance. This was not the first time she had given me an encouraging push. Dear Beata, she was like a mother who comes to a ball with her débutante daughter. The daughter, unfortunately, was somewhat lacking in courage to meet the situation. For one thing, I was more than a head taller than all the rest of the people, and for another, I was afraid I could not keep up the speed. Beata beckoned to the Greenlander and pushed me out on the floor, and soon I was in the midst of the fray. But Beata could not persuade me to take part in the step-dances, and during one of these I saw my chance to slip outside and get a breath of fresh air.

A funny sight met my eyes. Sitting behind each other in rows on blubber barrels were about twenty sealers listening to Viktors, who had got gloriously drunk and was now relating bear stories to his grinning audience.

He was suddenly interrupted by a piercing, childish voice from the mountain shouting, "*sarpiléraq*" (motorboat). In Greenland the state of mind caused by the arrival of a boat is so well recognized that they have a special name for it—"ship confusion." It is always introduced either by the word *umiarsuit* (ship), or as in this case, *sarpiléraq*. This is the cry which spreads over the whole colony or town when a black dot with a faint column of smoke above it comes into view on the horizon.

Now the voices were buzzing. The Greenlanders had come back from the lookout mountain and were having a lively discussion as to what boat it could be. Several thought it must be the *Sarpik*, the Upernivik motorboat, but who could be

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on board and what could be its errand? The only ship expected was the *Jørgen Sverdrup*, which was to bring the Provost of North Greenland, Mathias Storch, up on his inspection tour.

It turned out to be a Danish ornithological expedition, which had come, so to speak, to rescue me. The *Jørgen Sverdrup* had had motor trouble south of Upernivik

and the Provost had had to interrupt his inspection tour for this year. The leader of the expedition, Mr. Salomonsen, had then very kindly agreed to come round by Kraulshavn to take me along on part of his expedition and bring me back to Upernivik. Otherwise it might have been said of me as of the folk in the fairy tales: and if she isn't dead, she lives there yet.

*All Photographs by the Author*

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## Murder in Gayeysgayey

BY AKSEL SANDEMOSE

*Translated from the Norwegian by LIDA SIBONI HANSON*

**I**T IS A HEAVY responsibility to be in the right. If you are wrong you can run away, and that ends the matter. But if you are right you must stand your ground.

Two hundred oranges ought not to be thrown into the sea for no particular reason. At least that was my opinion and it got me into the most fantastic difficulties. It cost my adversary something too, namely one ear. I hope he has not missed it too much.

Nisse from the little Swedish town of Skellefteå and I were living together in a piano box where we had a fire-pot. Such a pot ought really to be fed with coke, but since we could not get any, we used wood which we picked up on the wharves. It was early spring and the nights were very cold, even in Cadiz. Only ill-informed people think that you can go naked there all the year round.

We got food by begging from the boats in the harbor, but it was more difficult to get wood. We appropriated several fences and things like that, and kept warm during the day by dragging home the spoils, which we burned in the night. Under such circumstances life is spent in maintaining life. There is no capitalistic accumulation, to speak in terms of national economy. Such things as surplus and bank account and a fully assured future do not exist.

Piled on one of the wharves were hundreds of boxes of oranges, which furnished us with our daily lunch. We cut holes in the thin boards and fished out what we needed. The boxes were made of some hard, tough material which annoyed us a great deal; but then, you have to go through something to get food.

One evening, as we sat huddled in front of the cold fire-box, Nisse had an idea.

He said that those orange boxes would make splendid firewood. We set out at once, and thought at first of dragging a full box home with us. But it was too heavy, and due to the delicate nature of our mission we had to be as inconspicuous as possible. So we emptied the oranges out on the wharf, and were about to depart with the box when Nisse got the notion that the oranges should be thrown into the water.

I protested. Why couldn't they stay where they were? Since oranges would float for a long while and perhaps never sink, it would be impossible to hide our theft that way. On the contrary, they would spread all over the harbor and all those yellow balls would shriek to heaven about our crime.

But what is the use of arguing with a Swede? He began to hurl the products of Hispania over the edge of the wharf.

Two such lazzaroni as we were did not know much about self-control. I protested, and Nisse pushed me aside. I pushed him in turn, and the fight was on. We howled and shouted and whacked each other's heads. It is quite possible to fight without any knowledge of the finer points or etiquette of boxing.

I shall not describe this dissolution of our friendship too minutely. Sometimes Nisse was down, and sometimes I. Our hands were bloody, our roars must have been heard far away over land and sea, until we separated and ran because the police were coming. The box was still standing on the wharf, but the oranges floated in droves on the swelling sea. I have often wondered what the police thought. No doubt the detectives included this among the famous crimes without motive.

I had been running for miles when I stopped to see what it was that I was holding in my hand. It turned out to be an ear. Since I had not been in close contact with the police, and my legitimate

ears were where they had always been, I concluded that this ear must have belonged to Nisse of Skellefteå. I had not for a moment intended to remove any part of his body, and can give no explanation of this phenomenon, but it seems reasonable to surmise that I had torn it off.

In itself there is nothing wrong in tearing the ear off a Swede, and besides, I had done it inadvertently. Still, I wondered how he liked it, and whether it had hurt him. I seemed to remember that his howls at one time had risen to an unusual pitch while we were battling about the fate of those silly oranges.

After thorough consideration I decided to break off the partnership with Nisse and let him have the piano box, including the fire-pot, to himself. Let him burn orange boxes to his heart's content and dump the whole year's harvest into the Atlantic. But I think all fair-minded people must agree that my motive was to prevent such violence; as to the ear, that was sheer accident.

I threw it on the ground, but it looked so strange there in the street that I picked it up again. It was better not to mystify Cadiz more than necessary.

Later I somehow became fond of the ear. I dried it in the sun and kept it in my pocket. I had, as it were, divided Nisse of Skellefteå into two parts and kept the more peaceful one. There was some mysterious power about the ear. I would take a stealthy look at it whenever I could. I even began to understand the feelings of scalp-hunters.

There is a small garden town on the northern outskirts of Copenhagen in a section called Swan Mill, although there is neither mill nor swan there. The houses are tiny and old-fashioned and built in rows, and you would never think that Copenhagen was so near. It is as deserted and quiet as a toy village. The streets are named after composers, and mine was

called Gade Street. I am not going to invite trouble with the Philharmonic Orchestra by claiming that Niels W. Gade was not a good composer, but in Copenhagen they should have named a square after him, not a street, since Gade means "street" in Danish. Gade Street was unimportant and almost unknown, and people would look puzzled when I said that I lived in Gadesgade, or, as the Copenhagener pronounces it, Gayeys-gayey.

Aside from that, I had nothing against the street. As I said, it was deserted and quiet. I never saw a soul in it except myself. My landlady, Mrs. Mortensen, was an elderly widow who wore a wig which was always on crooked and gave her a rakish air. When she looked at me, her expression was one of distrust. Several times a day she would confide to me in a mysterious whisper that her daughter was married to a warehouse manager in Roskilde. I lived there for nearly two years during which time she only broached other subjects twice. The first time she opened my door warily and looked at me.

"Does the gentleman wish a glass of water?" she asked.

"No," I answered, rather surprised, although of course I should have said Yes if it would have given her any pleasure.

"Oh—then please excuse me," she said and went away.

I concede that she had a better reason to say something the second time. That was the Sunday afternoon when my revolver went off. I really had no intention of shooting at all. I was looking for a bread knife in my bureau drawer, for I wanted to cut some bread, and unfortunately I pushed a fork that was jammed in the trigger of my revolver. The bullet went through the bureau and disappeared in the wall, and I must admit that the noise was rather bad. The revolver was one of those old-fashioned weapons that roar louder than modern cannons. The

landlady, thinking that something sensational had happened, came rushing up, shrieked and shook her wig. But I denied the fact. No one had fired a shot here, not at all. What could I have shot with? And whom could I have shot?

The smoke lay like a blue cloud over the bureau, and the room smelled like a rifle pit.

"Did I shoot? Here? That is a strange question, Mrs. Mortensen."

"Well, what *did* you do?" she asked.

I denied energetically that I had done anything.

"It must have been in your own room, Mrs. Mortensen. At least I have heard nothing."

It is always advisable to carry the battle to the enemy's camp. Mrs. Mortensen was frightened and disappeared. Landladies have to be terrified, or there is no living with them. I sat down and thanked my good fortune that the bullet had not gone through me.

I was extremely satisfied with myself after having got rid of Mrs. Mortensen so effectively. But by and by things began to be rather strange. There was nothing I could put my finger on, it was just that the atmosphere had changed. Mrs. Mortensen became more ghostlike than ever and no longer told me that she had a daughter who was married to a warehouse manager in Roskilde. I never heard her moving around in the house either; I only had a feeling that she was there. I imagined her sitting on her red sofa under the picture of Mr. Mortensen, gazing into space with her distrustful eyes, her wig askew. Had I perhaps been too rough with her? No, I said to myself, hardening my heart. I have known a number of landladies in my life, and it is my conviction that they must be treated with authority. If they think that they have any right to exist or to do anything else, they must be undeceived at once and put firmly in their place—firmly, yet

with a certain kindness, indicating that some day perhaps they will be forgiven. (Just the same, it is never advisable to forgive them.) Every action of theirs, no matter what it is, must be met with the sternest reprisals; figuratively speaking, a march must be made at once into the Ruhr district, with a threat of subsequent total destruction.

This was my conviction about ladies, but I did not quite like the result of my tactics. I began to suspect that Mrs. Mortensen had gone crazy—in a way she had been crazy all the time, I think.

One night I heard her sneak up to my door in her stocking feet. I heard her heavy breathing, and suddenly I wondered if she had conceived an untimely regard for me.

When I came home next afternoon, I thought that there was something odd about the outside door. Then I realized what it was. The lock had been changed. My key did not fit.

Bewildered, I stared at the door and finally rang the bell. No one came. I rang again, furiously. Deathlike stillness prevailed.

I was terribly annoyed. Although by this time I had decided that Mrs. Mortensen was not at home, I rang again several times, long and loudly. One never knew.

Suddenly I knew that someone was there. I don't know how, but I was certain that Mrs. Mortensen was on the other side of the door.

I put my finger on the bell button and kept it there. My finger began to ache, but I did not give in. After a few minutes I got results. I heard a sound, and released the button.

Nothing happened.

I put my finger on the button again. This time it did not ring. The miserable woman had cut the wire.

Then something happened that made me jump. A trembling voice whispered

through the letter slot: "The gentleman has been found out."

Whereupon I made an unparliamentary remark, and I meant it with all my heart.

"You are completely crazy," I said.

A little package was pushed out through the slot.

"The gentleman has been found out," said the voice again. "The Lord have mercy upon the gentleman's soul!"

I took the little package and opened it. It contained my ear, or rather Nisse's. I put it in my vest pocket and felt that I was observed through the slot.

"The gentleman may send for his things," said the voice. "Is—er—r"

Apparently Mrs. Mortensen had sat down on the floor.

"Is—rr—rr—"

"Yes?" I asked in an encouraging voice, for I was getting nervous. What in the world was the matter with poor Mrs. Mortensen? "What is it, Mrs. Mortensen?"

"Is—rrr—is—the rest—the rest of—her—the rrrest—the rest—the rest of her—hidden here too?"

"But my dear Mrs. Mortensen!"

"You—she came—and you—shot—her—the lady—"

Her meaning began to dawn on me. On the Sunday afternoon that my revolver went off, a lady had visited me.

"But dear Mrs. Mortensen—"

"Uhr! Allprbrupp!"

"But dear Mrs. Mortensen!"

"Hursvarr—ah! ah! ah!"

"Dear, dear Mrs. Mortensen—"

"Arrwlll! Uly! Nrmlll!"

"Dear Mrs. Mortensen—"

"Murrbblopll—"

I did not want to stand there for hours, saying "Dear Mrs. Mortensen." And after this it would probably not be very pleasant to live in Gadesgade anyway. So I betook myself to other parts and sent for my things.

# Current Books in Denmark

BY JULIUS CLAUSEN

**I**N DENMARK as in the United States the best seller is not always the best book. The record for Danish fiction last year, and a high one for Denmark—15,000 copies—was made by THIT JENSEN's two-volume novel *Stygge Krumpen*. This figure alone warrants a consideration of the book. It is, with reservations, a historical novel, and the action takes place in the early decades of the sixteenth century, when Denmark went over from Catholicism to Protestantism—a period of social and spiritual conflict. The chief character is Bishop Stygge Krumpen. History has not much to tell us of this man beyond the fact that he was the most fanatical of the champions of Catholicism, that he refused to yield when the government established Protestantism as the official religion of the country and, as a result, suffered loss of office and mild imprisonment for his intransigence. But Thit Jensen makes of her bishop a transitional figure who looks forward with enlightened liberalism and tolerance to the new age. This really says all that it is necessary to say of the value of her book as a historical novel. For surely the criteria of a historical novel are that it shall give full play to the author's imagination and intuition wherever history is silent, but that it shall hold to the facts where history speaks. Against this axiom her book frequently sins, and it is not hard to discover the reason. Thit Jensen possesses a rich and glowing imagination and she has allowed it to run away with her. Let us take an example. The action centers in Aalborg, a commercial town in Jutland consisting mainly of skippers with a few aristocratic manors and cloisters. The small ships of Aalborg carried on a lively trade with Lübeck and the Netherlands, but it

was nevertheless a very modest town. Here the author introduces an episcopal residence with magnificent gardens, a luxurious seraglio, wild animals, and festivities splendid and sumptuous enough to do credit to an Italian court of the Renaissance. Elsewhere she conjures up a children's cloister, a kind of infant cult of Venus. Her facile and vivid pen presents a pyrotechnical display of colors and fairy tales. All this is very dazzling and fascinating in its way, but it could not have taken place in medieval Denmark. "But isn't it all true—isn't it history?" asked an interested Danish reader. I was forced to reply humbly on behalf of truth and history that nothing or almost nothing in the book is historical. A book of this kind does harm, because it confuses the reader's ideas of history. But as a product of the imagination it is outstanding.

There is indeed more reality, and there is imagination too, in the book which has attracted most attention in the autumn market, BARONESS BLIXEN'S *Den Africanske Farm* (The African Farm). Her first book, *Seven Gothic Tales*, written in English and first published in New York, found many American readers. It revealed her brilliant narrative gift, her imagination, and her cultivated mind. The new book, however, is not fiction but rather a memoir work, telling of the author's experiences, gay and sad, as proprietor of a farm and coffee plantation in East Africa, some twelve miles from Nairobi. Baroness Blixen, the daughter of an adventurous Danish officer, Captain A. W. Dinesen, who under the pseudonym Boganis has written the world's finest letters on hunting, burned her ships and went to Africa shortly before the World War to indulge her hereditary love



*Baroness Karen Blixen*

for adventure and begin a new existence. For twenty years she stuck it out, but finally had to give up because the coffee plantation from which she was to have made her living lay too high to produce the necessary yield. And it is of the struggle for existence in the midst of natives and wild animals she tells—at once so soberly and so poetically that her book both depresses and delights the reader. To most of us this is an entirely new and unknown world, and it is safe to say that what the author does not know about negro psychology and folklore is not worth knowing. There is first of all the mental attitude of the native, so entirely different from that of the white man, and she knows the black people thoroughly. The European and all that is his concerns the black farmer only as a means of deriving advantage for himself—of procuring money and, with the money, cattle, which are his most cherished and vital interest. Otherwise European life leaves him quite indifferent. He can learn to use an automobile, of course, but he does not give a thought to the machinery. He may stare open-mouthed at an aeroplane,

but only for a few minutes—he accepts it as a natural phenomenon of which one takes notice and then goes on with one's own affairs. The African negro knows nothing of gratitude, and his sense of justice is limited to the demand for compensation. When a man is killed, whether it is murder, revenge, or accident, there is but one way of settling the affair—the payment of a certain number of oxen or sheep in retribution. The increase of their flocks is their whole ambition and they do not fear death. But, asks the author wisely, why should we Europeans be surprised at this primitiveness? People expect these natives to have passed through, in the thirty-five years since European civilization first came to East Africa, all the phases through which the Europeans, from the time of the Stone Age, have taken ten thousand years to evolve. This is really asking too much.

Baroness Blixen has fallen in love with this African countryside, with its world of animals and plants, and gives us the most beautiful pictures from it. She has grown to be a part of it, has absorbed it into herself, and not only she but her readers as well feel it as a tragedy when circumstances force her to strike her tents and leave it. One is wiser and better informed for having read this book, the work of a woman of the world in the best sense of the term.

Among the younger Danish writers I should like to draw attention to AAGE DONS who, it seems to me, stands out above all the others. He made his débüt two years ago with a novel *Koncerteren* (*The Concert*), which won much praise. In it he tells the sad fate of a young Dane whose singing teacher holds him with the promise that he can become a great artist if he gives himself into her hands. She knows how to fascinate her victim, and a few years later he has neither money nor voice. The surprising thing about this book was the excellence of the composi-

tion, most unusual in a first novel, and Dons' latest book *Soldaterbrönden* (The Soldiers' Well) is a still finer piece of work. Here he presents a number of quite ordinary middle class people, but in a format which makes of them broad and tragic figures. The author takes his reader to an estate which a Danish man has bought in Lithuania. He is sickly and is married to a woman of strong impulses who before her marriage was the victim of a Copenhagen Don Juan of the most despicable sort. And this scoundrel continues his persecution, from which the woman desires—but is unable—to escape, until finally she murders her husband. The bourgeois milieu and the great drama of fate—tragedy in everyday life—are contrasted with remarkable artistry. We are brought right into the midst of things, glide smoothly over the past, and then move on again just as smoothly. This is indeed the most original novel written in Denmark last year, technically perfect and with more than a little of Dostoevski's spirit in it.



Aage Dons

In OTTO RUNG we have a tried and experienced author of the first rank. He has already written a long series of books about strange fates, for he stalks the human subconsciousness like a hunter, and in his last big novel *En Pige i to Spejle* (A Girl in Two Mirrors) his distinctive art has achieved its most powerful and most colorful expression. Analysis reveals his art as an insatiable and lightning-swift faculty of observation combined with sarcasm and irony but exalted by a luxuriant and exuberant imagination. Otto Rung is a strange combination of realist and mystic, and as a result his books are always out of the ordinary. He sums up facts like a Zola, but in imagination he is comparable to Poe, and like Anatole France he is a mocker. As a jurist he was secretary for a number of years in the lower courts and later in the Supreme Court. The motley world Rung met here did not escape his keen eye, and the material was hidden away and stored up for the purposes of art. The new book is set in Copenhagen before and during the World War, when neutral Denmark became a kind of international circus for willing and unwilling emigrants, when all the languages of the world were spoken there, and the Danes were guilty of the crime of making money out of the War. At that time the city was a great center of espionage. Foreign agents were sending off telegrams in secret codes and there was much smuggling and profiteering. Rung has written here the neutral war novel. But the first part of the book is a Copenhagen idyl of the pre-war years—a rather petty and not very savory idyl, to be sure, but still a lull before the storm. Rung has grouped his figures around the Royal Assistenshus—as the large government pawnbroking establishment located in an old palace in the most picturesque part of Copenhagen just opposite the Thorvaldsen Museum is called. He knows the variegated world of this establishment down to the most minute details. He takes us along to the weekly

auctions at which the forfeited pledges change owners, and lets us follow their fate further at the secondhand dealer's or the curiosity shop. There is sympathy and some scorn in the description of all this sad business, of the shoddiness of the people and of their possessions, symbols of resignation and avarice. Rich in local color, this picture of the old Copenhagen is also pervaded by a wide and deep humanity. Rung is not a master of the large canvas, but in the miniature, in the study of detail, he is unsurpassed.

Two interesting books of reminiscences have appeared. As a youth of twenty STEN DREWSSEN, son of an old patrician family of Copenhagen, was shipped off to New York—not because of his virtues. The practice was not uncommon among the "better people" in those days. In his book of memoirs *En Kverulant ser tilbage* (A Querulous Man Looks Back), STEN DREWSSEN, now in his sixties, recalls his first bitter and lonely days in New York, where his refuge was an unfurnished and icy cold room in a Third Avenue boarding house. A Christmas Eve without solid food was a sore trial. But things get a little brighter when Drewsen becomes a kind of secretary for the Danish poet Holger Drachmann, who had chosen the United States as a place to work for a year or two. When Drachmann left the ship, a tall, impressive figure with head carried high and billowing beard, he attracted attention. It became known that he was a great Danish poet, and people wondered if he might not be Hans Christian Andersen (who had then been in his grave for twenty-three years). Drachmann was rather temperamental, and his erstwhile secretary revives a number of tragic-comic episodes from Michigan and other places in the U.S.A. Later Drewsen returned home, became a journalist, and won some notoriety by being the first to



General Hegemann-Lindencrone

interview the explorer Frederick Cook, when he sailed into Danish waters from Greenland.

That a man of ninety-six should write his memoirs is a remarkable occurrence. This feat has recently been accomplished by the former Commander of the Hussars, General FRITZ HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE. The old gentleman, who devotes his leisure to philately, has seen and heard many things since he became a lieutenant in 1858. For many years adjutant to King Christian IX and gentleman-in-waiting at the court, he was a close friend of the King and Queen Louise and of their daughters the Empress Dagmar of Russia and Queen Alexandra of England. The amiable old General, whose motto is "Be true and grateful," gives a lively and interesting account of his many experiences.

Hegemann-Lindencrone served for many years as representative at court embassies and was in particular *persona*

*grata* with the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm. But the General, who now lives a modest widower's existence with his housekeeper Fröken Madsen in an ordinary Copenhagen apartment, mutters to himself when things are at their most magnificent in imperial palaces: "Yes indeed, that is certainly very different from sitting here eating porridge at Fröken Madsen's on the third floor."

For the sake of completeness it should be mentioned here that a large six-volume work on the history and culture of Denmark entitled *Danmark i Fest og Glæde* has been brought to a conclusion. It has been written by some of the best pens in the country and portrays in broad perspectives the brighter side of Denmark's history from the most distant past up to the present time.

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## Öxarárfoss

BY JAKOBINA JOHNSON

**S**ING me of times departed,  
Bard of the cliff and plain—  
Times of whose golden passing  
Echoes and dreams remain;  
Echoes of great beginnings  
Canyon and gorge retain.

Hear I the lawman reading  
Codes to a chieftain throng—  
Vikings by law defining  
Standards of right and wrong—  
Lögberg a throne befitting  
Heroes of ships and song.

Hear I the skald intoning  
Mythic, impromptu staves—  
Freedom and soaring singers  
Ever the Norseman craves—  
Iceland his bravest epic  
Sung to the Arctic waves.

# THE QUARTER'S HISTORY



WITH THE PASSING of Etatsraad H. N. Andersen at the age of eighty-five years, attention is again directed to the great enterprise, the East Asiatic Company, which he founded and of which he was the guiding spirit up to within a few months before his death, on December 31, at his home Vennerslund, Copenhagen.

Associated with Etatsraad Andersen as vice-chairman of the board of directors, Prince Axel, a nephew of King Christian, is expected to assume the leadership of the East Asiatic Company, the ramifications of which extend to many parts of the globe. Whatever changes will take place in the organization of the company, there is no doubt that in a general way its management will continue along the lines laid down originally by the man whose career in a large measure ran parallel with Danish progress for more than half a century.

H. N. Andersen was born in Nakskov and at an early age went to sea. It was in 1884 that he laid the foundation for the East Asiatic Company by starting the firm of Andersen & Company at Bangkok. After establishing business connections between the Far East and Denmark, he returned to Copenhagen and organized the company which was to become known far and wide. H. N. Andersen was a pioneer in employing Diesel motors for ships in ocean service and in 1912 the *Selandia* astonished the shipping world by its long distance trip equipped with this new motive power.

During the World War Etatsraad Andersen served his country in a manner that marked him as a diplomat as well as a great merchant and shipowner. He was sent as an official envoy to England,

Germany, and Russia, and it was largely through his efforts that Denmark succeeded in maintaining her neutrality and carrying on her shipping during the trying months that followed the outbreak of the war.

Etatsraad Andersen was a valued friend of the American-Scandinavian Foundation and his donations of traveling fellowships for Danish students to study in the United States were among the generous contributions for that purpose.

DANISH NECROLOGY notes another name that has been identified with the country's progress, Vilhelm Herold, one of Denmark's leading opera singers. As a tenor at the Royal Theater, his rôles included almost all the noteworthy operas. Herold, who was born at Bornholm, retired from the stage nearly twenty years ago while still at the height of his career. He was seventy-two years of age when he died. Besides being famous as a singer, Herold was also a sculptor of considerable ability. Some of his portrait busts have been exhibited at Charlottenborg.

THE SOUTH JUTLAND FUND, having assisted the South Jutlanders since 1918 with money totalling almost 13,000,000 kroner, closed its activities with a meeting held in the Rigsdag building. Addresses were made by the chairman of the Central Committee, Headmaster H. P. Hansen, by Prime Minister Stauning, and others. The capital of the Fund now amounts to about 1,500,000 kroner.

The South Jutland Fund is the greatest national subscription in the country's history, and was participated in by people in all walks of life. It was started nineteen years ago, at a time when aid was greatly needed in the returned province. J. C. Christensen initiated the movement, in association with a group of interested men and women.

Before the Central Committee adjourned, it granted 30,000 kroner for the purchase of the home of the late Editor Jessen at Flensburg Fjord, to be used as a recreation home for needy children, preferably those of South Jutland.

**CHIEF OF THE ROYAL THEATER**, Andreas Möller, in presenting his report of the work of that national institution for the years 1936-37, stated that the Cultural Fund of the Theater now amounted to 675,000 kroner. The Government's appropriation was 577,200 kroner. The subscription list showed a continued increase. Of the 157 dramatic manuscripts submitted, 106 were Danish, and eight of these were accepted for production. The attendance for the fiscal year was 445,600.

The Ballet School has been installed in new and much improved quarters where the fifty children under the direction of Ove Bastrup have accommodations that include dining room, dressing rooms, and modern bath rooms.

**SPEAKING OF BATHING FACILITIES**, Copenhagen is to have some six hundred new public baths under the auspices of a new organization, Danish Society for Public Baths, with Medical Director Johs. Frandsen as chairman. The baths are to be constructed along the lines of the folk baths that existed in the Middle Ages, and of which Copenhagen, then a small town, had no fewer than eleven. It appears that we must revise our ideas of the people in medieval times as bathless. The old steam baths have remained in use in Finland and in modern times have been revived in Norway. Steam was created by pouring water over hot stones. It is claimed that, until the beginning of the sixteenth century, Copenhagen had baths that served the city well, but they became gathering places for certain people who soon gave them an unsavory reputation. The new public baths will be built along similar lines, but with added hygienic features not known to the people

of long ago. The movement for the public baths will have the cooperation of many organizations which will be represented in the management.

**THE 750 YEAR OLD BJERNING CHURCH**, west of the main road between Haderslev and Kolding, has been destroyed by fire, so that nothing remains but the walls. The building contained many religious treasures which cannot be replaced. A very old crucifix was among the burned relics. The church, which had a Gothic tower, was built around the year 1150, and was first dedicated to Saint Peter. The origin of the fire was not determined.

**THE NEW CITY HALL OF AARHUS** is expected to stand completed in 1941, when the city celebrates its 500-year jubilee, the plans of architects Arne Jacobsen and Erik Möller having been accepted by the municipality headed by Mayor Christensen. The architects were awarded the first prize in the competition. The plan calls for a large tower with chimes. The park around the building will be laid out to correspond with the dignity of the City Hall. The population of Aarhus has increased to about 125,000.

**THE DANISH WOMEN'S NATIONAL COUNCIL**, together with the Danish Women's Society and sixteen other women's organizations, met recently to discuss the question: The population problem and women. The chairman for the Danish Women's Copenhagen Circle, Mrs. Esther Carstensen, opened the meeting and, after speaking of the maternity question, introduced the secretary of the Population Commission, Jørgen S. Dich, who gave as his opinion that by the year 1970 the country will have reached a point where no more children will be born than there will be old people dying. After 1970, Mr. Dich added, the births will be below the number of deaths, so that in 1980 there will remain only a society of old people.



## NORWAY

IN HIS SPEECH FROM THE THRONE King Haakon VII opened the 87th Storting January 11, reviewed the past year with some satisfaction, outlined a number of new bills for 1938, and expressed the hope that Norway would be allowed to continue her progressive march toward better times for all her people. The King deplored the fact that Italy had withdrawn from the League of Nations and said that Norway must continue to work for international peace as well as strive to keep out of complications that might lead her into war.

It is, said the King, necessary that the Government carry on its support of technical-industrial research work, thus paving the way for new enterprises. The number of unemployed in 1937 was lower than in any year since 1930, but the Government must aim to curtail unemployment still further this year. Special attention will be given to a housing plan which will be presented to the Storting in the near future. An expansion of the country's electrical power plants will be sought in order to electrify outlying districts which as yet enjoy no electrical power. The army and navy will be maintained on the same plane as last year. A program for the introduction on a wide scale of industrial and craft schools is being formulated by the Government. A bill covering working hours on Norwegian ships will be submitted to the Storting; likewise a bill for the building of additional landing fields for airplanes in commercial service. The King also mentioned the necessity of passing new laws governing the State-owned national broadcasting system and the cooperatives.

The proposed budget for 1938-39 calls for an additional grant of four million

kroner for new railroad construction. The Government proposes to increase the annual allowance of the Crown Prince to 150,000 kroner from the present 100,000 kroner. The army budget has been set at 24,000,000 kroner, with 16,000,000 kroner for the navy. A surplus of 41,500,000 kroner on last year's budget will be applied against the national debt, and no new taxes will be levied in the coming year. An item of irony appeared in the budget of the Church Department: it was proposed that Arnulf Overland, a poet of avowed atheistic leanings, be awarded a lifetime grant of 2,000 kroner a year.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF Norway has made a fresh attempt to effect a working compromise between itself and the Labor Party, but met defeat when the executive board of the Labor Party unanimously voted the suggestion down at its meeting in Oslo January 10. The Labor Party stated that it was impossible to join hands with the Communist Party of Norway as long as this party failed to gear itself along national lines but instead obeyed dictation from the Communist International. The door was not entirely closed, however, but left ajar to such members of the Communist Party as believe it of vital importance for all Norwegian workers to rally in one political group under the banner of the Labor Party.

Leon Trotsky, who spent eighteen months in Norway as a refugee before going to Mexico, has agreed to pay 2,000 kroner in settlement of tax claims in Norderhov county. During his stay in Norway, Mr. Trotsky earned considerable money through his writings, and the local tax commission ruled that his income was subject to tax in Norway. Unable to collect while he remained there, the commission impounded his account in an Oslo bank, from which it is taking the money for the settlement.

THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE was awarded to Lord Cecil by the Norwegian Storting on November 19; the prize amounted to 158,643 kroner. Lord Cecil, one of the founders of the League of Nations, was in New York at the time the award was made public.

NILS COLLETT VOGT, one of Norway's great poets, died in his 74th year at Lillehammer, Christmas Eve. He gained national fame when, still in his early twenties, he published a small volume of verse. There was a fiery note in these poems, written by a member of one of the most conservative families of Oslo. He brushed aside his family's demand that he take up some academic pursuit. Instead, he threw himself into the hectic, bohemian life of the literati of his youth, defying conventions and siding with the radical political movement which at that time was in an embryo state in Norway's capital. Besides poetry he wrote a number of plays, a few novels, and numerous contributions to the daily press. In his later years he withdrew from active participation in the socialist movement and remained an aloof but interested spectator. He headed the Norwegian Authors' League, and in 1925 he visited the United States as the League's representative to the Norwegian-American Centennial celebration.

HARALD STORMOEN, one of Norway's most beloved and talented character actors, died in his 66th year November 15. Mr. Stormoen spent four of his early, formative years in Chicago, returned to Norway in 1894, made his début on the stage the following year, and became an instantaneous success. He was associated with the National Theater till 1928 when he joined the New Theater.

THE REVISED VERSION of the Norwegian language—mainly orthographical changes in an effort to effect a compromise between the Riksmaal and the Landsmaal—is expected to go into use in the

grammar grades of the public schools next autumn, according to a decision handed down by the Church Department. The change necessitates the printing of millions of new textbooks and will be a boon to the publishers. The new version of the language will not be used by the various Government bureaus before January 1939.

THE LONGEST SINGLE-SPANNED BRIDGE in Scandinavia was opened last November when the Fykesundsbro was dedicated for use in Hordaland. The suspension span is 760 feet long; the total length of the bridge is 1137 feet. Work on the bridge started in the spring of 1936.

SILVER FOX FARMING has made great strides in Norway during the last few months. At the auctions in Oslo before Christmas, buyers from the United States, Great Britain, and Germany purchased pelts at record prices. A sensation was created when a new type of fox, called the platinum fox, fetched a price of 5,000 kroner apiece, and a stud platinum fox was sold for 20,000 kroner. This remarkable new species is distinguished by a fur which is considerably lighter than the usual silver fox, hence the name platinum fox. These animals were bred in the northern part of Norway; last year there were but two of them, this year there were about fifty.

NORWEGIAN SHIPPING enjoyed a fine quarter, being in great demand at freight rates unequaled in many years. Unusually generous dividends have been paid out to stockholders. Unique among these is the case of the Brummenæs & Torgersen Shipping Company of Haugesund. This firm, which is owned and operated by two young women, Hanna Brummenæs and Bertha Torgersen, paid its shareholders a 90 per cent dividend. A number of new shipping companies have been started, and orders for new ships are placed almost daily.



**SWEDEN**

KING GUSTAF V OF SWEDEN observed the thirtieth anniversary of his reign on December 6, 1937. He will be eighty years old on June 16 this year. It has been permitted few modern rulers to reach such a ripe age in perfect health. During three decades of perhaps the most critical period the world has ever passed through, King Gustaf's personal popularity has been steadily rising. When in 1907 he succeeded his father, King Oscar II, he was relatively unknown to many of his subjects. After only a few years, however, his gifts as a statesman and diplomat became strongly evident, and his direct and democratic nature endeared him to his people. In 1914, when the reorganization of the national defense was delayed by the incumbent Liberal administration headed by Karl Staff, the King took matters into his own hands and demanded that a solution be found. His fearless words echoed through the country. The farmers sent a delegation of 3,000 men to Stockholm to tell the King of their support, and in the courtyard of the royal palace he thanked them and promised action. The result was a change of cabinet, and the building of an armored cruiser.

At the outbreak of the war, King Gustaf immediately declared Sweden neutral in the conflict, and the same year called a meeting in Malmö of the three Scandinavian rulers. This united front was further strengthened when King Gustaf in 1917 went to Christiania, which he had not visited since his father in 1905 had ceased to rule over Norway. As King Gustaf, at a state banquet at the royal palace, clasped the hands of his host, King Haakon VII of Norway, and of King Christian X of Denmark, pledging friendship and cooperation, a new, truer,

and more lasting Scandinavianism was born.

In his thirty years of wise and unselfish rule, Sweden has flourished economically, enjoyed internal peace and good relations with foreign powers, and taken enormous strides forward in education, industrial relations, and social welfare. As flexible of mind as he is agile of body, King Gustaf finds it easy to collaborate with the chiefs of any duly elected party. Many conservative Swedish quarters regarded Hjalmar Branting's appointment as Minister of Finance in 1917 and as Prime Minister in 1920 as simply revolutionary. Yet the King worked amicably and successfully with the great Social-Democratic statesman, who by a chance happened to have been King Gustaf's classmate in the Beskow preparatory school in Stockholm. The same condition obtains today. The current administration, headed by Per Albin Hansson, is a smoothly functioning coalition of Social Democrats and Farmers.

Sport, work, and a frugal life have helped King Gustaf to maintain almost unimpaired the vitality of a man many years his junior. In spite of his age he still plays tennis one hour each day, and takes an active part in hunting and fishing expeditions.

**SWEDEN'S UNPRECEDENTED PROSPERITY** was reflected in the new budget for 1938-1939, presented at the formal opening of the Riksdag on January 11. Since the expenditures are estimated at 1,208,000,000 kronor, and the revenues at 1,227,000,000 kronor, Sweden started the new year with an over-balanced budget to the extent of 19,000,000 kronor. In his speech from the throne King Gustaf stated that there were no indications within Sweden itself that the present prosperity might soon end. Reduced activity on several foreign markets, however, made the future uncertain. He therefore advised caution, and forecast a "relief

budget," which will take effect in case of another depression. No change in income or other taxes was proposed. Of the national cash reserve fund, estimated to total 175,000,000 kronor at the end of the current budget year, 123,000,000 kronor will be used for writing down book values of government investments in the State Railways and other public undertakings. The remaining amount will be transferred to a new "Budget Equalization Fund." The armament program will be continued, about 20,000,000 kronor to be spent on air raid protection. The social pension fund receives a contribution of 138,600,000 kronor, and the higher cost of living necessitates an increase in the salary budget of about 82,000,000 kronor.

THE 1937 NOBEL PRIZE in Literature was awarded Roger Martin du Gard, French author of *Les Thibaults*, a series of novels of family life in France. The Medicine Prize went to an Hungarian scientist, Professor Albert von Szent Gyoergyi, of Szeged University, for his biological oxidation processes, especially concerning Vitamin C and fumaric catalysis. The prize in Physics was shared between Dr. Clinton Joseph Davisson, of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, New York, and Professor George P. Thomson, of London, for their research in electronic interference. The Chemistry Prize also was shared, between Professor Walter N. Haworth, of Birmingham, England, and Professor Paul Karrer, of Zurich, Switzerland, for their studies of carbohydrates and vitamins.

GÖSTA EKMAN, foremost Swedish stage and screen actor, died in Stockholm on January 12 after a short illness. He was only forty-seven years old. Thanks to the talking pictures, he will be deeply mourned not only in his own country but wherever Swedish films are shown. For he rose with the infant industry, ever since the days of the silents. But Ekman was not primarily a screen actor. It was on the stage, in Stockholm, as well as in

Oslo, Copenhagen, and Helsingfors, that he scored his greatest triumphs.

His enormous repertory covered hundreds of parts, from Hamlet and Romeo to rôles in classic Scandinavian, French, German, and English dramas. He was perhaps at his greatest in comedies, to which he lent a sprightliness, a light-footed and fine-pointed charm that seldom failed. He was one of the first to appreciate modern American dramatic writing, and acted with tremendous success in Swedish translations such plays as Avery Hopwood's *Fair and Warmer*, in which he appeared more than a thousand times, in George Kaufman's and Edna Ferber's *The Royal Family*, and in George Abbott's *Broadway*.

NILS GUSTAF DALÉN, one of the world's greatest scientists and winner of the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1912, died in Stockholm, December 9, at the age of sixty-eight. Dalén's inventions would make a long list, but to the world he is best known for his inventions which revolutionized the technique of lighthouses. His sunshine valve, *solventil*, acts automatically, so that the light comes on when the sun goes down and is extinguished when the sun rises. By this means it has been possible to place lights on almost inaccessible rocks where no one can live, or where it would be too expensive to maintain a lighthouse-keeper. This has been of immense benefit to the far-flung rock coasts of the Scandinavian countries. This and many other devices for increasing safety at sea have carried the name of the Swedish inventor around the globe.

In the same year that he won the Nobel Prize, Dalén was blinded by an explosion while conducting an experiment. He continued to carry on his work, however, and to enjoy the society of his friends. One of his favorite amusements even after he became blind was the theater. Up to the time of his death he was managing director of the Gas Accumulator Company.

## SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA

### The Lincoln of the Sea

Norway, which has given America so many sturdy sailors, has also given the world its greatest champion of seamen's rights, Andrew Furuseth, who died in Washington, January 22, in his eighty-fourth year. Furuseth was born in Hedemarken, 1854, the son of Norwegian peasants, and went to sea at the age of eighteen. He tried the ships of many nations, found them all bad as far as the living conditions of the seamen were concerned, and decided to devote his life to bettering the lot of the men before the mast. At one time his name was anathema in conservative circles, but he came to be recognized even by his opponents as a truly great man. In unselfish devotion to his cause he has no peer among labor leaders.

The crowning achievement of Furuseth's life was the La Follette Seamen's Law, known as the Seamen's Emancipation Act, which was passed in 1915 after more than twenty years of agitation.

### Mayor Carlson Retires

A remarkable record is that of Samuel J. Carlson who has for twenty-six years been mayor of Jamestown, N.Y., having served one four-year term and eleven two-year terms under varying political conditions. He is a Swede, and Jamestown is a center of Swedish population, but that of course is only one factor in his career.

In retiring from office recently, Mayor Carlson surveyed the history of the city from the time when it had neither pavements nor sewers, and pointed out how at every step in the modernizing of the city he had met (and overcome) the same objections that are made against present proposals. Among the tasks he leaves for his successor is that of putting into effect municipal milk distribution, an innova-

tion which has already been approved by the voters.

### New Version of "A Doll's House"

The production of *A Doll's House* at the Broadhurst Theater with Ruth Gordon as Nora is an experiment in divorcing Ibsen's drama from its nineteenth century association with feminism and making it simply a play about human beings. Thornton Wilder has revised the text for acting. In the main he follows the translation of Archer with only some concessions to a more colloquial tone. The important change is in the last act, where he slurs over or totally eliminates Nora's abstract theorizing about "society" and the position of women.

But after all neither Helmer nor Nora can be explained without Ibsen's premise: that the two have been brought up in two different worlds with two different sets of ideas, he to a fatuous masculinity, she to a futile femininity. Ruth Gordon tries to fuse Nora's inconsistencies by giving her a highstrung temperament that dashes her from one extreme to another, but this is not enough, although the figure thus created is both lovely and appealing. Dennis King makes Helmer too brutal. Nora's husband is supposed to be a gentleman according to his lights—here again we need to remember Ibsen's premise. By far the most distinguished member of the supporting cast is Paul Lukas as Dr. Rank. Margaret Waller as Mrs. Linden and Sam Jaffe as Krogstad round out an unusually brilliant production.

### A Fine Swedish Film

A melancholy interest attaches to the Swedish film *Intermezzo* which was shown at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse in New York in January, as it was the last film in which Gösta Ekman acted before his untimely death. He took the part of a musical genius, the violinist Brandt, a rôle well adapted to his sensitive and vibrant art. The wife was played by the

well-known actress Inga Tidblad, while the young girl in the triangle was the popular young screen actress Ingrid Bergman. Brandt's tiny daughter was played by Britt Hagman, and not least of the charm and intimacy in the picture of the home life was due to that clever little person.

Gösta Ekman's son Hans Ekman was capable and sympathetic as Åke, the young son of the house in the play. Poetic beauty and emotional warmth combined with delicacy and restraint made the film one of unusually high quality.



#### The Finnish Student Chorus

Among the colonists of New Sweden who built their log cabins on the shores of the Delaware and settled down to till the virgin soil, many Finns bore an honorable part with the Swedes. The Finns are reminding us of it this year by sending, as part of the Tercentenary celebration, the Helsinki University Chorus for an American tour which extends as far as to Duluth in the northwest and St. Louis in the southwest.

In spite of the growing friendliness of Finland and Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, a Scandinavian listening to this chorus of sixty Finnish students feels himself to be in the presence of something utterly alien in form and spirit. The Star-spangled Banner was sung in irreproachable English, but the Björneborger March was translated from the original Swedish into Finnish, and all the program was sung in that language. However, this is no reason for carping. On the contrary, it means an enrichment of Northern culture through this neighboring and yet so utterly different strain. Lacking the epic sweep of the Norwegian and Swedish choral music, the Finnish is predominantly lyrical. Many moods, from plaintive loveliness to bucolic humor, find adequate expression in the Finnish language so rich in vowels and liquids.

The first appearance of the choir Jan-

uary 6 was at Carnegie Hall with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitsky in compositions by Sibelius. The first concert January 10 of the choir under its own director, the composer Martti Turunen, filled Carnegie Hall and had to be repeated at a later date.



#### Povla Frijs

The Danish soprano Povla Frijs is an artist who holds an altogether unique place in the musical life of New York. Her rare concerts draw large crowds of those who have learned to love her delicate, sophisticated art and would not willingly miss an opportunity to hear her. She chooses varied programs of little known songs which give scope to her marvelous powers of interpretation. In her concert at Town Hall February 5 she opened with Handel's "Strophes de Scipione," then passed to Mendelssohn's delicate "Elfenlied" and Liszt's bucolic "Die Drei Zigeuner." The latter half of the program contained such contrasting things as the tragic "Hebrew Lullaby" by Milhaud and the lightly ironic "Sie sitzen in den Grand Hotels" by Nick. To each and every song she seemed to give exactly the meaning that the composer meant it to have. The audience was very responsive and called Madame Frijs back again and again. She finally sang some of the well known songs of Sinding, Grieg, and Agathe Backer Gröndahl.



#### From the Colleges

The Norwegian Department at St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota, each year puts on a Norwegian play. This year the choice was unusually ambitious, being nothing less than *Peer Gynt* in Norwegian. The rôle of Peer was entrusted to Alvin Grundahl. Miss Esther Gulbrandsen again acted as instructor, and the scenery was designed specially for the occasion by Professor Arnold Flaten of the St. Olaf Art Department. The play was given twice, December 3 and 4.



Kerstin Thorborg

## Kerstin Thorborg at the Metropolitan

The Swedish mezzo soprano Kerstin Thorborg is the latest addition to the distinguished group of Scandinavian prime donne which now includes Karin Branzell, Kirsten Flagstad, Kaja Eide Norena, and Gertrud Wettergren. Madame Thorborg possesses not only a voice of great beauty and a lovely stage presence, but also remarkable versatility as an actress. Her Venus in *Tannhäuser*, seductive and ingratiating, really seems to make cogent reason why the hero should wish to linger. In *Der Rosenkavalier* of Strauss she masquerades as the dapper youth Octavian who in his turn masquerades as a waiting maid, and the double transformation is managed with humor and charm. In *Elektra* by the same composer she transforms herself into the hideous old hag Klytemnestra and plays with terrifying power and absolute originality of interpretation. Various other rôles attest the wide scope of her art.

## Sonja the Ice Queen

All the Northern stars are not at the Metropolitan. While Kirsten Flagstad is filling the opera house to the last inch of standing room, her scintillating little countrywoman Sonja Henie is doing the same for Madison Square Garden. Five nights in succession the Garden, which holds 16,000 people, was filled, every seat being sold in advance for the Hollywood Ice Revue in the last week of January.

The simple Norwegian girl, whose skating delighted all who saw her six years ago, has been turned into a Hollywood star. It is not merely that she has been the heroine of three films in which her pirouetting on ice is the chief attraction, but her ice shows have been staged with all the spectacular effect that modern showmanship can invent. A chorus of more than eighty skaters was employed, and the costumes were as magnificent as money could buy.

There are purists, sticklers for the dignity of sport, who would rather have Sonja without all this paraphernalia, but at least the accessories regardless of expense are a measure of her immense drawing power, and they remain accessories. It is Sonja's own charm and her art of skating, more marvelous than ever, that radiate to the topmost corner of the Garden and hold 16,000 people spellbound. On her programme were such varied offerings as Liszt's *Liebestraum* and Victor Herbert's *Babes in Toyland*, the latter giving opportunity for much fairy tale play.

Sonja Henie has been honored by King Haakon of Norway, who has conferred on her the Order of St. Olaf. She is not only the youngest Knight of St. Olaf, but also the only one who has received the decoration for achievement in sport.

# THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples,  
by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

**Trustees:** Charles S. Haight, President; James Creese, William Hovgaard, G. Hilmer Lundbeck, Frederic Schaefer, Vice-Presidents; Hans Christian Sonne, Treasurer; John G. Bergquist, E. A. Cappelen-Smith, Lincoln Ellsworth, John A. Gade, Hamilton Holt, Edwin O. Holter, George N. Jeppson, Sonnин Krebs, William Witherle Lawrence, Henry Goddard Leach, John M. Morehead, Charles S. Peterson, John Dyneley Prince, Charles J. Rhoads, George Vincent, Owen D. Young, Robert Woods Bliss.

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**Associates:** All who are in sympathy with the aims of the Foundation are invited to become Associates. Regular Associates, paying \$3.00 annually, receive the REVIEW. Sustaining Associates, paying \$10.00 annually, receive the REVIEW and CLASSICS. Life Associates, paying \$200.00 once for all, receive all publications.

## Trustees' Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Trustees of the Foundation was held on Saturday, February 5, at 116 East 64th Street, New York City. The guest at the luncheon preceding the meeting was Consul General Rolf Christensen.

The following officers were elected to serve for the year 1938: President, Charles Sherman Haight; Vice-Presidents, G. Hilmer Lundbeck, William Hovgaard, James Creese, Frederic Schaefer; Treasurer, Hans Christian Sonne; Secretary, Neilson Abeel; Literary Secretary, Hanna Astrup Larsen; Counsel, H. E. Almberg; Auditors, David Elder & Company.

Committees appointed were as follows: Executive Committee: The President, Chairman, the Treasurer, James Creese, John G. Bergquist, Henry Goddard Leach, George E. Vincent;

Foreign Relations Committee: John A. Gade, Chairman, Charles S. Haight, William Hovgaard, John Dyneley Prince, Charles J. Rhoads;

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Endowment Committee: Charles J. Rhoads, Chairman, Hamilton Holt, Edwin O. Holter, George N. Jeppson, Charles S. Haight;

Review Promotion Committee: James Creese, George N. Jeppson.

The Honorable Robert Woods Bliss of Washington, D.C., was elected a Life Trustee of the Foundation at this meeting.

## Professor Hovgaard's Eightieth Birthday

Dr. William Hovgaard, Professor Emeritus of Naval Architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a Trustee of the Foundation, was eighty years old on November 27. In celebration of his anniversary the American Society of Danish Engineers, the Danish Officers Club, and the Danish Luncheon Club gave him a luncheon at the Hotel Astor in New York. Mr. Folmer Andersen presided and Mr. Halvor Jacobsen was toastmaster. The speakers were

Vice-Consul Helmuth Möller, Mr. William F. Gibbs, Mr. James Creese, Lieutenant R. S. Hiners, U.S.N., Captain Frank Bagger, Captain E. Kragh-Hansen, and Mr. Folmer Andersen. A message of congratulation was received at the luncheon from the Honorable Charles Edison, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. In his message Mr. Edison enumerated the distinguished services which Dr. Hovgaard has rendered the Navy Department, both during and since the war, and said that "over eighty-five per cent of the officers on the active list of the Construction Corps of the Navy are numbered as his students."

Dr. Hovgaard has been for many years Chairman of the Foundation's Fellowship Applications Committee and for his careful and untiring devotion to all of the Foundation's affairs which have required his attention, he merits the thanks and appreciation of all our members on entering his ninth decade.

#### Tercentenary Lecturers

The Foundation, which is carrying on the work of the Tercentenary Lecture Committee at its office, announces that lecture tours have been completed for the following Swedish professors who will arrive in this country at intervals during the coming months: Eli Heckscher, President of the Economic Institute of Stockholm and Professor of Economic History at the University of Stockholm; Gunnar Asplund, Professor of Architecture at the Stockholm Institute of Technology; Einar Hammarsten, Professor of Chemistry on the Caroline Medical Faculty; Nils Herlitz, Professor of Law at the University of Stockholm; Gunnar Holmgren, President of the Caroline Medical Faculty; Knut Lundmark, Professor of Astronomy at the University of Lund; Arvid Lindau, Professor of Medicine at the University of Lund; Dag Strömbäck, Professor of Philology at the University of Lund; Gunnar Myrdal, Professor of Political

Economy at the University of Stockholm; Manne Siegbahn, Professor of Physics at the University of Uppsala and winner of the Nobel Prize in 1924; Gregor Paulsson, Professor of Art at the University of Uppsala. The sudden death of Christian Jacobaeus, Professor of Medicine at the University of Stockholm and Head of the Stockholm Hospital, alone prevented the fulfillment of numerous lecture engagements which had been made for him.

#### Fellows of the Foundation

Mr. Per Tenden, Fellow from Norway, who has been studying banking in New York, sailed for home on December 29.

Mr. Herbert Petersen, Fellow from Denmark who studied engineering while in this country, sailed for home on December 14.

Mr. Folke Leander, Fellow from Sweden, sailed on December 8. Mr. Leander had been studying philosophy at the Graduate School of Princeton University.

Mr. K. K. Madsen, Fellow from Denmark, after studying engineering for some months, sailed for San Francisco on November 13.

Dr. Arne Barkhuus, Fellow from Denmark, arrived in New York on November 6, and has taken up medical studies at Johns Hopkins University.

Miss Hillevi Svedberg, Fellow from Sweden, who had been studying American architecture, sailed for home on November 6.

Mr. Carl Gösta Lagerman, Fellow from Sweden, sailed on November 18, after studying accounting and bookkeeping in Chicago and New York.

Dr. Gunnar Heckscher, Fellow from Sweden, sailed on January 19. Dr. Heckscher, during his stay in this country, visited a number of leading universities and studied social conditions.

Dr. Snorre Wohlfahrt, Fellow from Sweden, arrived January 28, and has taken up medical studies in New York.

Mr. Ivan Bacher, Fellow from Sweden, arrived on January 17, and is studying American agricultural problems.

#### New York Chapter

The New York Chapter of the Foundation held the first Club Night of the season on Tuesday, November 23, at the Hotel Plaza. The guest of honor was Mrs. Betzy Kjelsberg of Oslo, former factory inspector of the Norwegian Government. Mrs. Kjelsberg, who is spending the winter in this country, delivered a lecture on social conditions in Norway.

At this meeting Consul General Georg Bech on behalf of His Majesty the King of Denmark, conferred the Royal Medal for Merit, First Class, on Miss Hanna Astrup Larsen, Editor of the REVIEW, in recognition of her services to Danish literature.

On December 18 the Chapter held its

annual Christmas party at the Castleholm Restaurant. A pleasant feature of this event was the presence of nearly all the Scandinavian Fellows of the Foundation who were in New York at the time.

The Chapter held a reception in honor of Consul General and Mrs. Bech at the Hotel Plaza on Friday, February 18 and in collaboration with several of the architectural organizations in New York City will give a subscription dinner in honor of Mr. Gunnar Asplund, the noted Swedish architect at the Hotel Delmonico, Park Avenue and 59th Street, on Friday, March 18. Mr. Asplund, who was the architect of the Stockholm exhibition of 1930, is one of the group of Swedish Tercentenary lecturers coming to the United States this spring. Tickets for the dinner, at which Mr. Asplund will deliver a lecture on Swedish architecture, may be obtained from the office of the Foundation.

## THE REVIEW AND ITS CONTRIBUTORS



Jens Thiis is director of the National Gallery in Oslo and an internationally known writer on art. . . . George H. Ryden is professor of history and political science in the University of Delaware and State Archivist. . . . Carlo Keil-Möller is a Stockholm writer on stage and film. . . . Holger Lundbergh, a son of the Swedish sculptor Teodor Lundberg, is a writer of prose and poetry

for New York magazines. . . . Jette Bang is a young Danish woman who has become known as an adventurous photographer. . . . Aksel Sandemose's novel *A Fugitive Crosses His Tracks* was published in English in 1936. . . . Julius Clausen is a regular correspondent of the REVIEW in Copenhagen. . . . Jakobina Johnson is an Icelandic-American writer living in Seattle.



**Peter Kalm's Travels in North America:  
The English Version of 1770. Revised from  
the original Swedish and edited by Adolph  
B. Benson. Wilson-Erickson Inc. 1937.**

The European naturalists who visited North America in the century between 1750 and 1850 walked through the forests and swamps lands of the Atlantic littoral and the Allegheny slopes in a haze of bewilderment and delight, observing as they went hundreds of birds, insects, and plants which they had never seen in their own lands. The fascination was indeed so great that many of them never returned home. It was fortunate that these permanent expatriates included such men as Audubon and Agassiz. Otherwise we should lack their unique records of the flora and fauna of our country. For as the nineteenth century wore on, this virgin unsullied America disappeared. Progress in the guise of railroads, factories, and immigration had done its worst, leaving land stripped of its trees and despoiled of its shrubs and wild flowers, with polluted rivers and wild life destroyed in indiscriminate battue. It is unthinkable now that within living memory the dreary marshes just west of the Hudson in New Jersey were the haunt of uncounted thousands of wild fowl and the paradise of sportsmen.

Professor Benson has now made available the observations on America of the comparatively little known Swedish naturalist, Peter Kalm, who landed at Philadelphia in 1748 and returned home in 1751. *Peter Kalm's Travels* was first published in English in 1770 and it was high time that the present admirably edited and indexed edition appeared. For Peter Kalm was no ordinary commentator. Actually a Swedish Finn, he became after his preliminary education at Abo, a favored pupil of the great Linnaeus at Uppsala and made such progress that at the early age of twenty-nine he was elected a member of the Swedish Academy of Sciences. Appointed professor at Abo in 1747, he was at once granted leave of absence to make his journey to America. The funds for the trip were largely supplied by academic stipends and so Kalm must have been the first Swede to visit this country on a scholarship. There is no doubt that he made good use of his opportunity. During his stay of four years he traveled through Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and southern Canada and, with a compelling curiosity, there was little he missed. The printed records of

his travels began to appear in Sweden in 1752, and now that we are enabled to read them in English, we have before us an instructive and entertaining chronicle of the contemporary colonial scene. For he recorded not only his professional observations of flora and fauna, but everything else from his meetings with Benjamin Franklin to a vivid description of Niagara Falls. Peter Kalm was a lively gregarious person for all his learning.

It is a delight, therefore, to have the *Travels* in this new edition, the result of Professor Benson's labor of love. From it the naturalists of the present will learn much and the layman derive much entertainment. For us here, there is an ingratiating quality in Kalm's liking for America. He married the widow of the pastor of the Swedish church at Raccoon, New Jersey; he sailed for Sweden with regrets and backward glances and once home ever hoped to return. Although this was not to be, he wrote and published many scientific articles on American subjects, and great must have been his reward when Linnaeus gave the name *kalmia latifolia* to our lovely mountain laurel. There is a nostalgic note in the fact that between his academic duties at Abo, he carefully tended his garden of American plants, grown from seeds which he had carried across the ocean. *Peter Kalm's Travels in North America* is an invaluable addition from every point of view to the meager Americana of the eighteenth century.

NEILSON ABEL

**Jean Sibelius: His Life and Personality.  
By Karl Ekman. With a Foreword by Ernest  
Newman. Translated by Edward Birse.  
Knopf. 1938. \$3.00.**

In 1900 the Finnish critic Karl Flodin, writing of Jean Sibelius as "Finland's first and, so far, only composer of genius," expressed the fear that he might not be understood and appreciated during his lifetime. "He composes for at least a generation ahead. His music is such that the general musical sense of the public must be extraordinarily developed for the music to be understood at once and to become popular in the ordinary sense of the word." In 1937 the Columbia Broadcasting System announced that its audiences had voted Sibelius their favorite of all living composers. Sibelius, now in his seventy-third year, has lived to enjoy the recognition of a vaster public than any critic at the turn of the century could possibly have foreseen.

It was time for a biography in English. However superfluous it may seem to the composer himself, it is only natural that the admirers of his works should wish to know something of the man who produced them. They will be grateful for this excellent translation of Karl Ekman's authoritative and interesting account of his life and personality. Ekman, who comes of a musical family in Fin-

land, has known Sibelius and some of his most intimate friends for many years. Wherever possible he allows Sibelius to speak for himself and quotes generously from those who knew him best, especially in his youth when he was the center of the brilliant group of young artists in Helsingfors which included the painter Gallen, the conductor Kajanus, and Sibelius' three brothers-in-law, the Järnefeltts, poet, painter, and composer. For a critical analysis of the master's works readers will still have to turn to Cecil Gray's scholarly study. Karl Ekman has given us a vivid and human portrait of a man "who dared to follow his genius and never was subservient to other claims than those of his own artistic conscience, who dared to live his life in the grand style."

J. B. C. WATKINS

**Søren Kierkegaard.** By Theodore Haeger. Translated and with a Biographical Note by Alexander Dru. Oxford University Press. 1937. Price \$1.00.

Alexander Dru has performed a valuable service to those interested in the religious contribution of Søren Kierkegaard by translating two of Theodore Haeger's essays on Søren Kierkegaard from the German and publishing them together with a brief biographical note of his own on Kierkegaard.

Theodore Haeger is a brilliant lay Roman Catholic thinker who is held in high esteem in intellectual circles in Germany, that extend beyond his adopted communion. He repaid a deep personal debt to Kierkegaard's writings by translating into German two volumes of selections from the copious *Journals*, a selection of the *Edifying Discourses* and a number of the other more intimate religious essays such as *At the Foot of the Altar* and *The Concept of the 'Chosen One'* and *The Thorn in the Flesh*, and by his own book on *Søren Kierkegaard and the Philosophy of Inwardness* written twenty-five years ago. Theodore Haeger's choice of these writings was not alone due to Christoph Schrempf's neglect of them in his German translations from Kierkegaard's works, but represented the side of Kierkegaard which had made its special appeal to him. These essays bear the stamp of that same selectivity that could write of Kierkegaard: "The real fruit of his faith is not found in his speculations on faith, where a false philosophy gives it a treacherous ground, (italics mine) but in those thoughts which spring spontaneously from his real personal and unreasoned faith, inspired by a passionate love of God..." "It is in the *Religious Discourses* . . . partly also the *Journal* and wherever he speaks not of Faith but of love, of the essence and mystery of Divine love, that we find his most profound theological ideas, the noblest product of his mind."

The importance of these essays is not as an adequate introduction to the esthetic or philosophical significance of Kierkegaard's thought.

More objective sympathy with the basic philosophical position of Kierkegaard's dialectic than Haeger possesses is necessary for that. But no English writer has yet brought such a sensitive appreciation of factors in Kierkegaard's religious message that are uniquely appropriate both to our present religious situation and to the arousal of neglected areas of the eternal religious life in men.

DOUGLAS V. STEERE

#### TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

**The New Norway. A People with the Spirit of Cooperation.** By O. B. Grimley. Illustrated. Griff-Forlaget. Oslo. 1937.

The author of this book is a Norwegian American who writes that he has lived "only" ten years in Norway—a disarming modesty in these days when books are written after rather less than ten weeks in the Scandinavian countries. While thoroughly familiar with Norway and the Norwegians, Mr. Grimley has brought to his task the fresh viewpoint of an outsider.

After rapidly sketching the historic background, he devotes himself to his main task of describing modern activities, principally in the economic field, but also more briefly in social and educational movements. He shows how the old-time individualism of a mountain race has given way to a spirit of cooperation and to a realization that it is the duty of a State to care for all its people. While there is no movement to abolish private property, there is something that might be called relative ownership. If an owner so mismanages his property that he destroys national values, the community as a whole can step in and forbid it.

In the chapter on agriculture and forestry the author tells us that 94 percent of the registered farms in Norway are owned by those who live on them. Norway still has much land that can be brought under the plough. In the past generation 50,000 new homesteads have been cleared, and the program for the next ten years calls for 20,000 new farms to be cleared by combined public and private means. Every year school children plant about three million trees on public and private land, and this work, directed by the Forest Association, is looked upon as part of their education.

In the chapter on education we are told that Norway has some of the best public schools in the world, due in part to the fact that teaching is a life career followed by men as well as by women, and the teacher is often a leader in the community. As many children have to leave school early, the aim is to make the curriculum as broad and satisfying as possible. Recently the Storting has decreed that all children must learn one foreign language—and that language English. From now on no teacher will be graduated without being prepared to teach English.

Other chapters tell about fisheries and shipping, water power and manufacturing, capital and labor, producers' and consumers' cooperatives, social legislation and public utilities. There has been genuine need of a volume giving all this information about Norway, and Mr. Grimley's book should prove very useful.

It can be bought from Nordmanns-Forbundet in Oslo or from the Norwegian-American Line. The price is \$1.50 plus postage.

**East of the Great Glacier.** By Helge Ingstad. With a Foreword by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Illustrated with Photographs. Knopf. 1937. Price \$3.00.

Mr. Ingstad, the author of the present volume, is already favorably known to the reading public through his excellent book, *Land of Feast and Famine*, in which he describes in lively fashion his experiences during a four years' stay in Arctic Canada. He was originally educated as a lawyer, but soon became tired of the humdrum life the pursuit of this profession offered and decided to strike out for something more vigorous and exciting. His experiences in northern Canada stood Mr. Ingstad in good stead when in 1931 he was commissioned by the Norwegian government to occupy as *sysselman* or governor that part of northeastern Greenland known officially as Eirik Raude's Land. He stayed here for two years until the Hague Tribunal of International Justice decided the dispute between Norway and Denmark concerning the region in question in favor of the latter country.

Be that as it may, Mr. Ingstad was evidently a first-class man for the job in hand. He and his comrades knew how to get along in the wilderness of ice and snow, where no human foot except some Eskimos in earlier

days had trod before. They established stations, traveled up and down the country, made maps, hunted and trapped, and had many thrilling experiences, which are all set down in an entertaining and informing manner. There is a certain fascination about *East of the Great Glacier* and it forms a valuable companion piece to Fridtjof Nansen's *The First Crossing of Greenland*.

A. N. Rygg

**Fjords and Faces.** By Kristian Prestgard. Illustrated by Cyrus Running. Augsburg Publishing House. 1937. Price \$1.00.

The veteran editor of *Decorah-Posten*, a leading Norwegian-American newspaper, has revisited his boyhood home after thirty-six years and tells the story of his pilgrimage in this engaging little book. It bears the stamp of having been written for the author's own pleasure, to fix on paper the memories that crowded upon him, and for that very reason it gives an intimate glimpse of Norwegian life in a region peculiarly unspoiled.

Mr. Prestgard's home was in Gudbrandsdal in the heart of Norway, the region perpetuated in miniature at Maihaugen open air museum, the birthplace of Hamsun, the background of *Kristin Lavransdatter*. The name Prestgard (parsonage) went back to Catholic times, but the farm existed before Christianity came to Norway. People who have grown up in such ancient places have deep roots in the past, and we can well understand how the author, coming back from his new home in Iowa, would feel the thrill of renewing acquaintance with his boyhood home and exploring the cradle of his race. Others will enjoy making the pilgrimage with him.

H. A. L.

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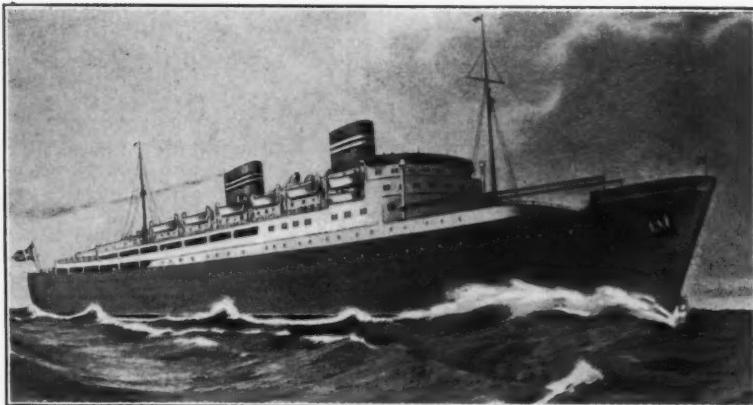
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## TRAVEL NOTES

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The Oslo Exhibition of 1938 has been designed to show Norway's progress in a vivid and emphatic manner. The tourist section of the exhibition, with many photographs and plastic models of scenic pictures of Norway, is likely to be of especial interest to visitors from abroad.

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## ESCORTED TOURS IN SCANDINAVIA

The Bennett Travel Bureau in New York, which was established in Norway in 1850 and now maintains its own offices in many European countries, has recently issued two very attractive booklets describing several itineraries for escorted and independent tours in the Scandinavian countries. Escorted tours afford many facilities for the benefit of the tourist. Native guides and local assistance are at hand at all times and add much to the comfort and care-free leisure of the traveler. Especially on a first visit to foreign lands it is generally agreed that the most enjoyable method of travel is as a member of an escorted group, enabling the members to see the countries to the best advantage and under expert guidance.

THE *Oslofjord* TO DISPLAY NORWEGIAN ART

The *Oslofjord*, the new 17,000 ton flagship of the Norwegian America Line, will make its maiden voyage to the United States from Oslo June 4, arriving in New York June 13, sailing again June 18. The new liner will accommodate 800 passengers, 150 in Cabin class, 250 in Tourist, and 400 in Third class. All public rooms will have extra large windows.

Leading Norwegian artists are now decorating it throughout, using as their central motifs the history and traditions as well as the present day culture of the nation. Georg Eliassen, the architect, and other leading artists of Norway are now working on murals, panels, paintings, and sculpture designed to give a characteristic Norwegian atmosphere to the ship's interior. Of particular interest to Americans will be the Leif Ericson Hall, or tourist lounge, to be finished in bleached pine and to contain murals by Alf Rolfsen depicting Leif's discovery of North America. One of Norway's merriest and most interesting celebrations, St. Hans Eve, which is held on the longest day of the year, will inspire the decoration of the Cabin class lounge. Per Krogh, the Norwegian monumental painter, plans to blend pale Northern colors with dark mahogany panels, and the Norwegian Arts and Crafts Association will supply rugs and drapes calling to mind the snug interiors of Norwegian homes.

Particular attention has been given to making the Third class quarters superior in comfort and beauty, and the lounges, smoking room, and dining salon will contain works of the three artists, T. Sjasma, Revold, and Greve. Other names prominent in Norwegian art, such as Sigrid Mohr, Tora Quiller, Lilli Scheel, and Maja Refsum will be identified with decorations throughout the liner.

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Gothenburg. The cruise covers 11,339 miles in 42 days.

The second cruise leaves New York in the sister ship *Gripsholm* July 23. It covers in the main about the same itinerary as the first cruise except that no stop is made in Iceland. It is a shorter cruise, 9,290 miles in 23 days.

#### THE *Stella Polaris* MIDNIGHT SUN CRUISES

The B. & N. Line luxurious motor yacht *Stella Polaris* is known among the travelwise, for she is primarily a luxury-cruise ship. She carries no cargo; she uses no coal. Her limited passenger list of 200 leaves public rooms and decks uncrowded. Of a size to make practicable the deeper exploration of Norway's marvelous coastline, she visits regions unexplored by larger vessels. From the observation deck the traveler has an unobstructed view of the most remote fjords and the least visited little towns. There is no transfer into smaller boats for land excursions.

This next summer the *Stella Polaris* is scheduled to make not less than six cruises to the Northern regions. The first four are 14 days' trips starting at Calais or Harwich. The port of embarkation in Norway is Bergen from which she proceeds northward calling at all important tourist centres on the coast and in the fjords on the way to North Cape and Hammerfest. The third cruise includes a final visit to Spitzbergen and is a 20 days' journey. The last cruise of the summer is the Northern Capitals Cruise including the Scandinavian and Baltic Capitals; also a 20 days' cruise. The first and the second cruise, leaving Calais and Harwich on June 1 and June 15, respectively, are ideal trips for travelers who wish to see the splendor of Norway at its best. The Midnight Sun is visible at North Cape from May 15 to August 1, and the weather is usually very pleasant and steady. The regular points for sightseeing have not yet been overrun by tourists and more comfort can be counted on in many respects. Descriptive booklets of the tours are obtainable at any tourist office.

#### NORTHERN WONDERLANDS AND THE BALTIC SEA

The Hamburg-American Liner *Reliance* is also this year scheduled for the annual "de luxe cruise" to the Scandinavian countries and the Baltic. Leaving New York on June 29 the ship calls at Reykjavik and cruises around the southern coast of Iceland before proceeding northward to the Polar Ice Barrier and Spitzbergen. Returning southward the *Reliance* calls at Hammerfest and North Cape when the Midnight Sun is visible in all its beauty. The usual fjords along the coast down to Bergen will be included in the itinerary, and from there the cruise goes on to Oslo, Stockholm and Visby, Estonia, Finland, Russia, Danzig, and Copenhagen, finally leaving Hamburg for New York on August 4.

#### DIRECT RADIO TELEGRAPH TO ICELAND

On January 1 this year the R. C. A. Communications opened its direct Radio telegraph service between the United States and Iceland. This is the first direct telegraph communication of any kind between these countries.

C. N.

## JUNE IN SWEDEN! LAND OF SUNLIT NIGHTS



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